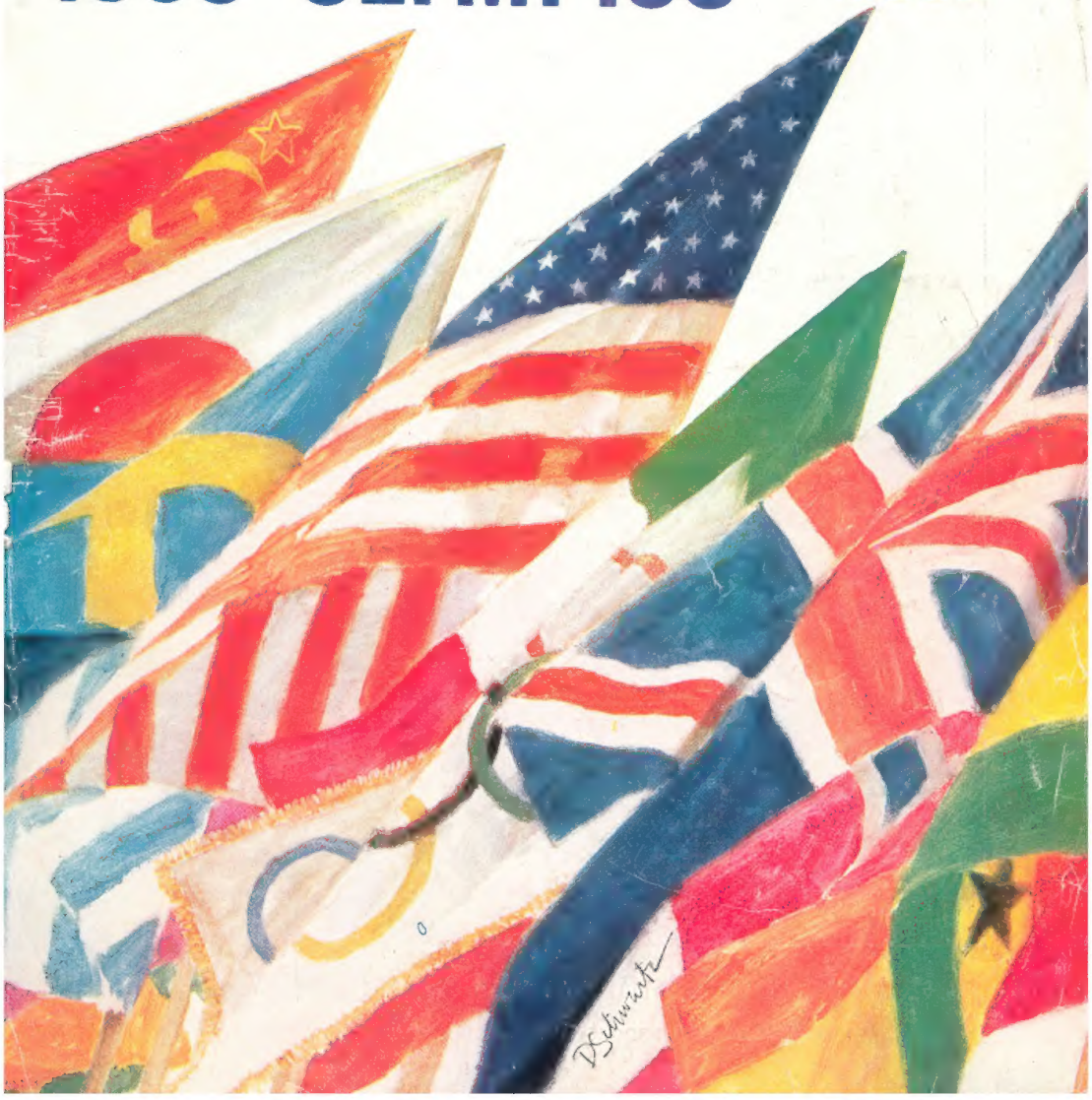
AUGUST 15, 1960
America's National Sports Weekly
25 CENTS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

1960 OLYMPICS

SPECIAL ISSUE



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August 15, 1960

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

from L. L. Callaway, Jr.

With this issue, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED enters the year of its existence immortalized by the late A. A. Milne in his title "Now We Are Six."

It's been some time since my offspring were at the Christopher Robin level. I do remember, however, that at their six-year-old birthday parties the best time was usually had by all when the kid whose birthday it was not only received a lot of presents, but had a mother worldly-wise enough to hand out presents to each and every one of the guests as well.

So gather around, and while we're cutting the cake, here are some of the favors—was that what we used to call them?—that we of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have for you.

Item: A successful new medium in which to place your advertising—one that surrounds your message with smartness, timeliness, an enjoyable atmosphere—and profit.

Item: A highly selective marketing approach to what the 1960 U.S. census has just shown us is the market of the '60's—the college-educated, suburbs-based, active, mobile, energetic, sports-minded family—900,000 of them, in fact.

Item: Regional editions – in which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED pioneered—to give national prestige and impact to limited-budget advertising or products restricted, for one reason or another, to certain major market areas. (You may not realize it, but SPORTS ILLUSTRATED now carries more regional advertising pages than any other magazine in the U.S., *TV Guide* alone excepted.)

Item: An entrée into major U.S. retail outlets almost unequalled – virtually unqualified acceptance for a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-advertised product by leading department stores, specialty shops, men's apparel retailers, drug chains, even supermarkets. (An item that was actually being

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

returned by one midwest drug chain was reordered on the strength of a campaign in SI. On the basis of a layout alone, plus the announcement of a 4-color page in SI, one apparel company got $100,000 worth of advance orders on a single item, at an industry convention.)

Item: A fresh and distinctive editorial approach to what is just about everybody's favorite subject in America—sport. A magazine that combined the TIME Inc. standards of writing and visualization and presentation with one of the most compelling and diversified and colorful activities in American life.

Item: A new avenue to reach the women of the upper-bracket families of the U.S., currently about 607,000 of them, wives, mothers, daughters, and we daresay a few wealthy maiden aunts—who up until SPORTS ILLUSTRATED came along were finding themselves deeper and deeper in the forest of their husbands' golf, fishing, bowling, and their children's skiing, swimming, and riding lessons, plus Little League, without any friendly guide to tell them the difference between a force play and a fielder's choice. (Do **you** know the difference, incidentally? Is there one?) As well as a clean and wholesome magazine that you don't mind having around the house for the teen-agers to read, too.

Item: Editorial features such as—well, read this issue, and those to follow on the Olympics, for just a handful of many examples.

Item: An almost unbeatable merchandising force—as the men and women who star in the sports headlines step out of the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to star at your own sales meetings or dealer conventions. Name **one** subject in which your salesmen are more interested than sport—all right, name one through which they can make more friends, write more orders, and do more business, than sport.

Item: A market of subscriber-families, 900,000 strong, almost unparalleled in magazine history in income, education, position, ownership and use of

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 13, Number 7
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME INC., 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in national, special and regional editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada $6.75 one year.

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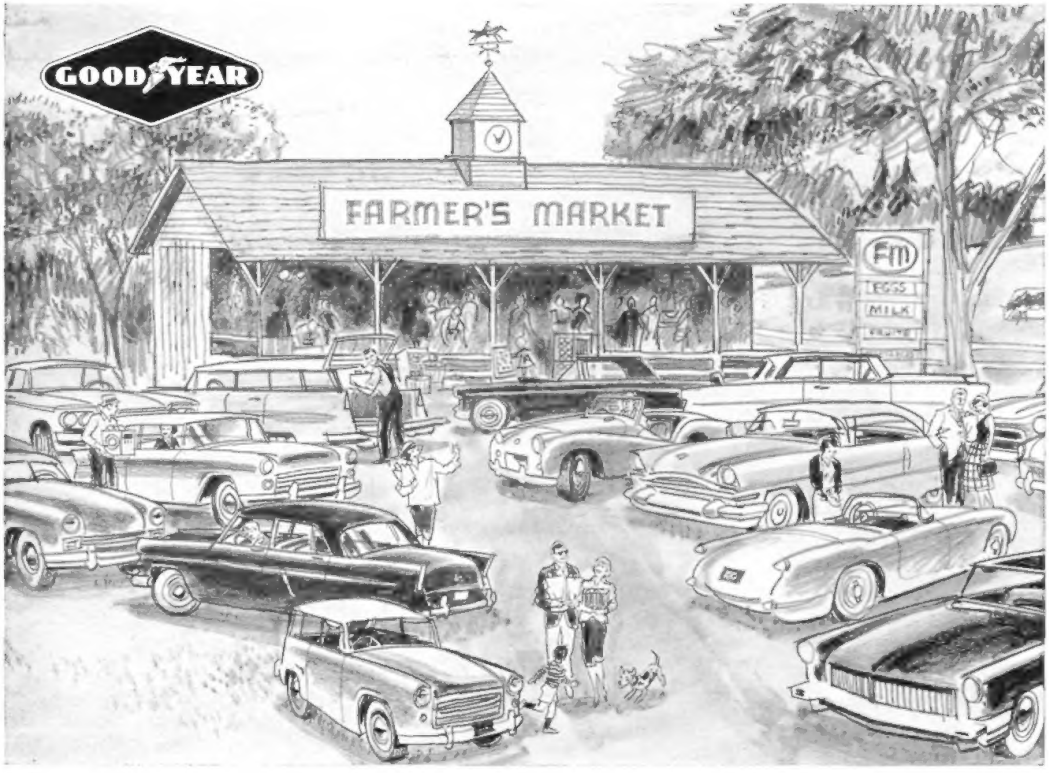

You drive an import? A sports car? Goodyear has your tires . . .

Goodyear makes tires in sizes to fit all U. S. makes of cars including compacts, and 94% of all imports. *And what a tire you get!*

Goodyear tires are the world's first *Turnpike-Proved* tires. And now, they're precision-built with electronic controls—to give you the three big tire advances of 1960:

1. Goodyear tires give you up to 25% more safe mileage than before—anywhere.
2. New whisper-quiet, cushion-soft ride.
3. New 3-way sureness on the road. Quicker starts, safer stops, better car control on turns.

You can get these precision-built tires everywhere—from the same Goodyear dealers who offer you expert tire *service.* Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

13 IN. 14 IN. 15 IN. 16 IN.

LOTS OF GOOD THINGS COME FROM

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Watch the "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

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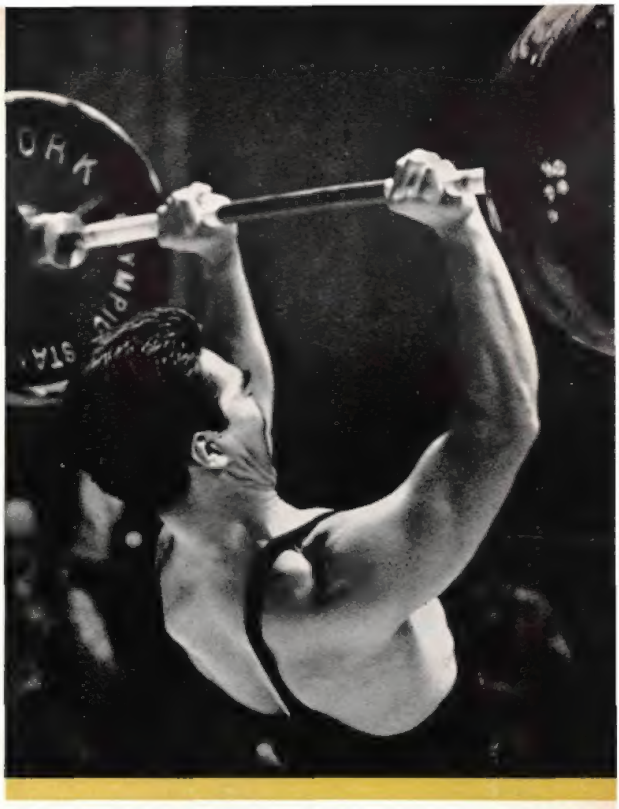

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Next week

Photograph by Richard Jeffery

Tall and dimpled, Barbara McIntire holds the British and U.S. amateur golf championships. She is favored to repeat at Tulsa next week, and Alfred Wright tells you why.

Fencing is fun for the whole family. In a new instructional, Artist and veteran Olympic Fencer Ed Vebell introduces his favorite sport, which is growing fast in U.S. popularity.

Many are the motives that prompt a man to go fishing, but a meat fisherman is basic: he goes fishing to catch fish. Joe David Brown tells how he came to join the clan.

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"The pride I felt getting this solo trophy from my Cessna dealer was second only to soloing itself."—Mrs. B. D. S., Cal.*

*Actual cases . . . names and addresses on request.

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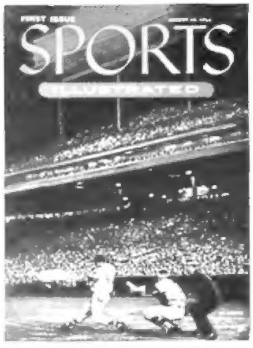
CESSNA

MEMO
from the publisher



VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

THE LATEST issue of any magazine is in a sense a composite of all the issues that have gone before. Although this Olympic issue is notably special, it could not possibly be what it is if it were not also the sum of 308 others, beginning with Volume 1, Number 1, August 16, 1954. That was a happy event, as birthdays should be, and one reason for recalling it is no less happy: with this issue SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is 6 years old.

When SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was born its readers did not know the magazine, and it did not know its readers. Nevertheless, 450,000 were present for the occasion, giving SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the largest circulation any weekly has ever started with. Now, on its sixth birthday, the circulation has more than doubled, and the families, almost a million, who buy SPORTS ILLUSTRATED know SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, thanks to their answers to some searching questions we have been asking them, knows them very well. So if this issue may be regarded as a composite, it suggests another—the family who subscribes to it. This family may not be exactly yours and not quite your neighbor's. But in many respects it should be familiar. And in all respects it is far from average.

Comprising $3\frac{1}{5}$ members, it owns $1\frac{1}{2}$ automobiles, $1\frac{9}{10}$ cameras, $1\frac{1}{5}$ TVs and $1\frac{9}{10}$ fishing rods. Out of its $10,835 annual income it buys, among other things, $10\frac{4}{5}$ rolls of film, $7,665\frac{2}{5}$ cigarettes and $1,080\frac{1}{5}$ gallons of gas, which it burns up in $16,228\frac{7}{10}$ miles of auto travel. It carries life insurance to the amount of $27,462. Each month it entertains $20\frac{1}{4}$ guests, who are likely to have been invited over $1\frac{3}{4}$ telephones.

The lord and master of the house is $42\frac{2}{5}$ years old. Chances are seven out of 10 that he's been to college and four out of five that he owns the house. Like the rest of his family, he is a most active person who likes to go where the action is. If it weren't for his slightly cumbersome fractions, he would have made it to our birthday party. But his wife arrived in one car. He started in the half a car she left behind and succeeded in getting only halfway. But I'm sure he's here in spirit with all the rest of you.

Sidney L. James

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE Alan G. Skelly, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE Charles A. Adams, General Manager. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address.

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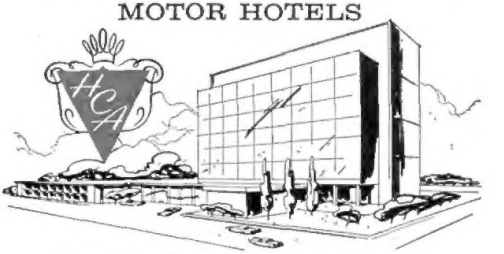

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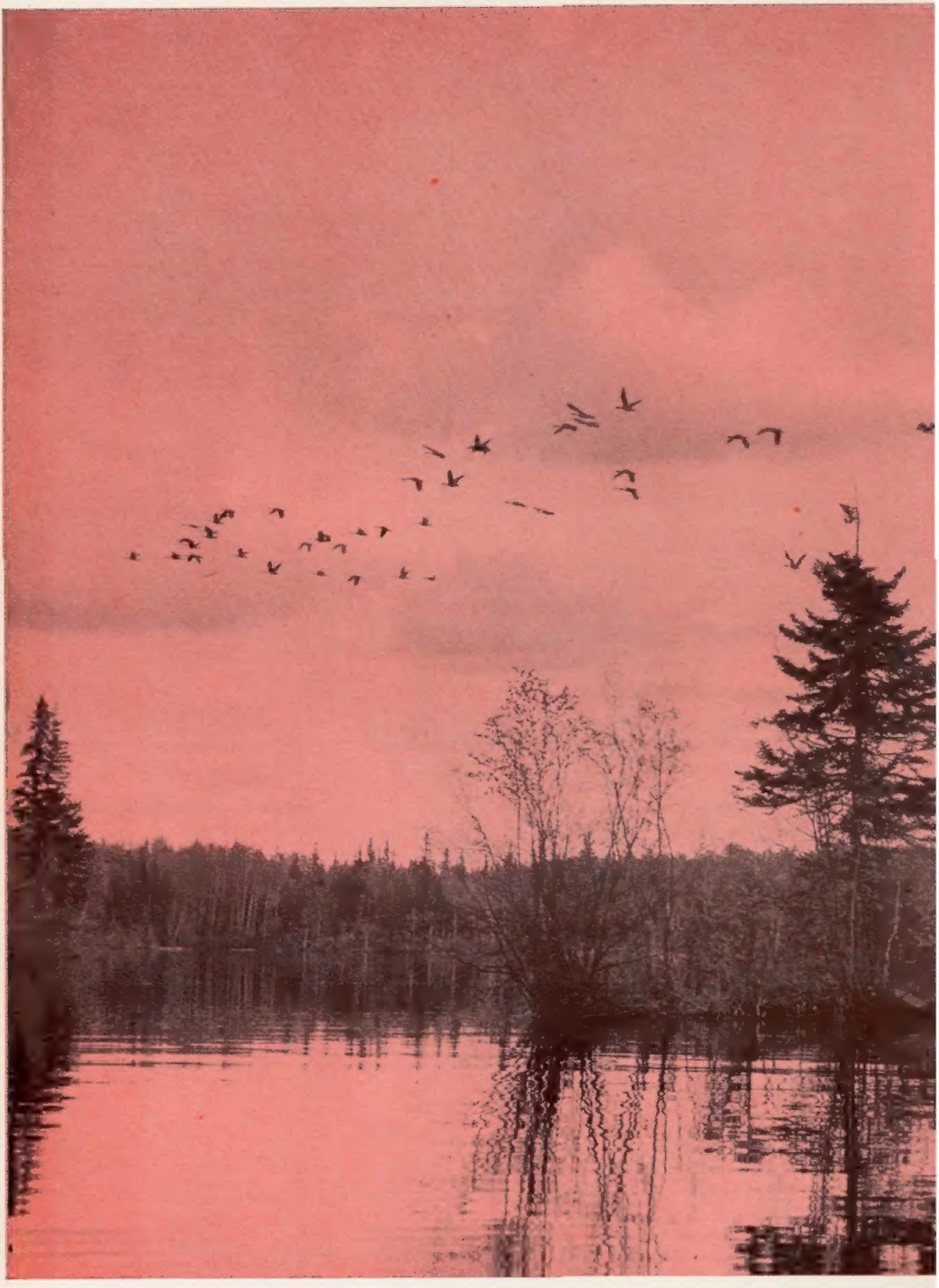

THE SUDDEN WHIRR of powerful wings—and a Canada goose soars across the sky. Mallards, pintails, bluebills, too, flock over Manitoba's fields, lakes and marshlands, while the cackle of the sharptail grouse echoes across the stubble fields—magnificent Manitoba's a sportsman's paradise! Picture yourself here this fall; test your skill with rod as well as gun . . . the season's still open for battling lake trout, northern pike and smallmouth bass. Take home a trophy moose, too! All this against a backdrop of spectacular autumn coloring and mellow Indian Summer days. Expert guides help you find your trophies, and comfortable, well-equipped lodges and camps offer excellent accommodation. For the full story, see the new color booklet, "Fishing and Hunting in Magnificent Manitoba."

Write to Wilf Organ, Bureau of Travel & Publicity
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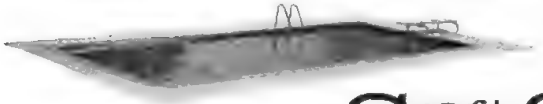
Whether it's a party for swimming or just plain outdoor family fun, MAKE THE JUMP to the wonderful world of swimming pool living. Made of fiberglass from original rectangular molds, Craft Glas Pools are more durable, longer-lasting and require less maintenance than other type pools. New pool features include: rolled safety ledge, non-skid bottom and molded-in Grecian steps. The revolutionary 27x12 foot model can be installed within a few short days. See the Craft Glas dealer in your area or write: Craft Glas Pools, Inc., 3790 N. W. 81st St., Miami, Florida.



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OLYMPIC SCHEDULE

Daily highlights of the Olympic Games at Rome

FIRST DAY: THURSDAY, AUG. 25
Opening ceremony, Olympic Stadium.

SECOND DAY: FRIDAY, AUG. 26
Cycling, team time-trial race.

***THIRD* DAY: SATURDAY, AUG. 27**
Swimming, men's 100-meter freestyle.

FIFTH DAY: MONDAY, AUG. 29
Swimming, men's 3-meter springboard diving.

SIXTH DAY: TUESDAY, AUG. 30
Swimming, women's 100-meter butterfly.

SEVENTH DAY: WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31
Men's shotput.
Swimming, men's 100-meter backstroke.

EIGHTH DAY: THURSDAY, SEPT. 1
Men's high jump.
Men's 100-meter dash.

NINTH DAY: FRIDAY, SEPT. 2
Men's 400-meter hurdles.
Women's 100-meter dash.
Men's 800-meter run.

10TH DAY: SATURDAY, SEPT. 3
Rowing, finals in all events.

12TH DAY: MONDAY, SEPT. 5
Men's 110-meter hurdles.

13TH DAY: TUESDAY, SEPT. 6
Equestrian sports, Grand Prix dressage.
Decathlon, final day.
Men's 400-meter run.
Men's 1,500-meter run.

14TH DAY: WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7
Equestrian sports, Grand Prix individual jumping.
Yachting, final day.

15TH DAY: THURSDAY, SEPT. 8
Men's 4-by-400-meter relay.

16TH DAY: FRIDAY, SEPT. 9
Gymnastics, women's final day.

17TH DAY: SATURDAY, SEPT. 10
Marathon race.
Basketball, finals.

18TH AND LAST DAY: SUNDAY, SEPT. 11
Equestrian sports, Grand Prix team jumping.
Closing ceremonies, Olympic Stadium.

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The Spirit of the Olympics

by Bob Richards

Author, lecturer, teacher, Bob Richards competed in the Olympics three times, winning the polevault gold medal twice. He was also U.S. decathlon champion three times. He is now Director of the Wheaties Sports Federation and a dedicated crusader for fitness.

Sports test everything that a person is. Everything you are comes out when you play the game. And the Olympic Games are the greatest played.

Let me illustrate by telling something of my experience at the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne, Australia.

Picture a stadium crammed with 102,000 people, as the flags of 67 nations fly overhead. 4000 athletes come marching into the stadium. They line up on the field to take the Olympic Oath: "I do solemnly swear that I will take part in the Olympic Games according to the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honor of my country, for the glory of sport."

Above the field is a gigantic scoreboard with these words written across it:

The Olympic Games Tend to Bring Mankind Together in Union and Harmony with the Qualities That Guide Mankind to Perfection

Then comes the greatest experience of all—the games themselves. Every aspiration of the human heart is found here in the contests. What you see is life itself—the drama of human existence. The striving for records, the striving for victory, the hurt, the pain, the elation, the disappointment, are all there. The qualities that possess these contestants are the same qualities that men need in living. And the work and preparation of a lifetime are dramatized in the *seconds* of a race—in the one, supreme moment of truth.

This year, *you* can witness these moments of truth by viewing the Olympics on television. Video tape and jet aircraft bring it to you within hours after it happens. I'll be there in Rome, helping to describe the action to you, and giving you a little background on the athletes. Don't miss the 1960 Olympics on your CBS television station.

The U.S. Olympic team is not financed by government subsidy, as are many other teams. You can help –by forwarding your contribution to Olympic National Headquarters, 57 Park Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," is helping to bring you the 1960 Olympics on the CBS-TV network.

Wheaties will be served to the U.S. Olympic team at the Games of the XVII Olympiad in Rome, Italy.

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

EXPANDING UNIVERSE

Prodded out of their lethargy by the insurgent Continentals, the pressure of public opinion and the threat of Congressional action, the American and National leagues last week finally agreed to expand. The established leagues, the major-domos promised, would absorb four charter teams from the Continental League right away and the other four "within a reasonable number of years."

The Continental officials seemed relieved that they had so neatly extricated themselves from the almost impossible third-league theme. Nor were the member cities showing any remorse. "Atlanta is definitely in line now for major league baseball," they said in Georgia. "We can't miss," they said in Fort Worth and Dallas. In Buffalo they said, "We're the only city that has a stadium of major league size right now." In Minneapolis-St. Paul they said, "We have achieved our goal at last." Nearly everybody, suddenly very cynical, said, "The Continental League never had a chance in the first place."

Yet how good are the chances of immediate expansion of the American and National leagues? They could be better. For one thing, no one has yet explained how the first four teams would be manned. For another, no one has explained what Dan Topping is up to. Topping, co-owner of the Yankees, said late last week he would oppose National League expansion into New York unless the American League expanded into Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, of course, belongs to Walter O'Malley, not to the Continental League. If Topping can exert enough pressure, he might be able to make the majors renege on their promise to the Continentals or even put off expansion altogether.

OUCH

Ernie Elliott, an 18-year-old in Portland, Ore., played 257 holes (that's more than 14 rounds) of golf in 24 hours last week. He's claiming the world record for that sort of thing. That's wonderful.

But to the man who is bushed after only one round of golf in 24 hours it may be a comfort to learn that during the course of his marathon Ernie: drove one ball into the golf-course swimming pool, broke the strap on his golf bag, lost his nine-iron through a hole in the bottom of a substitute bag, had his foot run over by a spectator's motor scooter, took off his shoes to rest his feet and stepped on a bee, which stung him.

DRIFTING & DREAMING

People marveled, during a stock-car race in Atlanta last week, when Glenn (Fireball) Roberts barreled his sedan into his service pit at 75 mph and, without even slowing down, rocketed through the pit, out the exit and back onto the track.

"I was in some kind of a weird trance," Fireball said later, pocketing a $9,700 check for winning. "I thought I had a flat tire, and I thought I was going about 25 miles an hour. But when I got in the pit I came to and realized I was really moving along. So what the heck, I said to myself. I just kept on going out the other end and here I am."

SOCCER CATCHES ON

Three minutes after the opening of the International Soccer League championship in New York last week, Valter Santos, playing for the Bangu team of Brazil, streaked toward the Scottish goal. Suddenly he wheeled, one arm in the air, like a man taking a spill on a bicycle. At that exact instant the ball was passed to him. In perfect time, he kicked with his right foot, and the bright new yellow ball sped a few inches off the grass toward

DEATH OF THE WILD BULL

Luis Angel Firpo is dead at 65. A successful rancher who died a millionaire, he created one of the unforgettable moments of sports (*shown here in George Bellows' lithograph*) when he punched Jack Dempsey out of the ring. Jack came back to knock Firpo out, but Luis, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, became famous forever.

the goal 15 yards away. Kilmarnock Goalie Jimmy Brown was in the act of pivoting to meet this new threat when the ball shot between his legs for a score. Some 25,000 enraptured fans at the Polo Grounds let out the sort of roar that used to be heard when Willie Mays was there.

The International Soccer League was launched this year to give Americans their first look at big-time soccer. It was meant to include eight European teams and two from the U.S. But the difficulty in raising two first-rate American teams led to Bangu's last-minute invitation. It must be accounted one of the luckiest second choices in sport. Attendance in the first half of the 30-game season (Kilmarnock won that division) fell as low as 1,700 and averaged but 7,000 per game. Bill Cox, the organizer, had figured 8,000 would be necessary to survive. In the second half, with Bangu's crowd-pleasers neck and neck with a tough Yugoslavian team, crowds jumped as high as 20,000, and the playoff with Kilmarnock, which Bangu won 2–0, topped that by 5,000.

What the crowd saw in that final game was a matchless display of Brazilian teamwork and speed pitted against a heavier, slower, but relentless Scottish 11—as good soccer as could be seen anywhere. More importantly, average attendance soared to 12,000 for the season, and Promoter Cox happily predicted soccer is here to stay.

SENT TO THE SHOWROOM

"For Sale:" said the ad in the Cambridge (Md.) *Banner*, "Complete umpire's paraphernalia. I have had it." The man who placed the ad was Pete Russ, and after 20 years of umpiring, Little League baseball had done him in. "I sell automobiles now," he said, "and if you make the parents mad, you lose sales."

FISHERMEN SMELL

If you don't get a nibble next time you go fishing, blame it on the fish's sense of smell. Harold Elser, a state of Maryland biologist, says your hands may be leaving an offensive odor (for fish—and isn't that a switch) on the bait.

Elser himself sniffed out his theory while observing University of Wisconsin experiments which indicated that fish can indeed discriminate among odors.

"Some time later," he says, "three of us were fishing. We used identical lines, hooks and bait. One fellow and I got plenty of bluegills. But the fellow in the middle of the boat got nothing. I thought, 'I bet his hands are smelling up the bait.' "

Elser admits that his hands, too, are sometimes unpopular. The other day, seeing that the trout were "jumping real nice" at a hatchery, he rinsed his hands upstream. When the "polluted" water reached the trout they promptly stopped their frolic.

Which seems to prove that the old saw is true. You never know when you offend.

KELLEY'S CONSCIENCE

Hobbled by blistered feet, Marathon Runner John Kelley failed to finish the first of his two required Olympic tryout races (SI, June 6). But when he won the second race by a wide margin, Olympic officials made an exception in his favor. Kelley, they ruled, would proceed to Rome.

Last week, in Manhattan for a 15-mile Olympic warmup, Kelley struggled to rationalize for himself the Olympic committee's decision. "Taking advantage of the rule change is against every principle I hold," he said on the one hand. "But a man will do what he wants to do if he can," he said on the other. "Actually," he finished inconclusively, "after I failed in the first race, I should have said I would not accept a place on the Olympic team no matter how well I did in the second. But by being silent I accepted the controversy. Now I can't say I won't go. I only wish they had changed the rules before this ever came up."

Kelley's mixed feelings are understandable, but Olympic Official Pincus Sober said the decision was not based on sentimentality. Kelley, said Sober, is the best marathon runner in the U.S., and the two-race tryout is mainly designed to weed out a flash in the pan. "We did not want to be hidebound by a regulation that defeats our own purposes," he argued.

The point seemed sound enough. Kelley won his warmup in a breeze. Bob Cons, who had been demoted to an alternate on the Olympic team to make room for Kelley, dropped out two miles from the finish.

FACES IN THE CROWD

SARAH M. ANNIS, 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keens Annis of Ashland, Mass., won the Leadline (under 7 years) Class at 18th National Morgan Horse Show in Northampton, Mass., equaled triumph of her brother Davieson, who won five years ago.

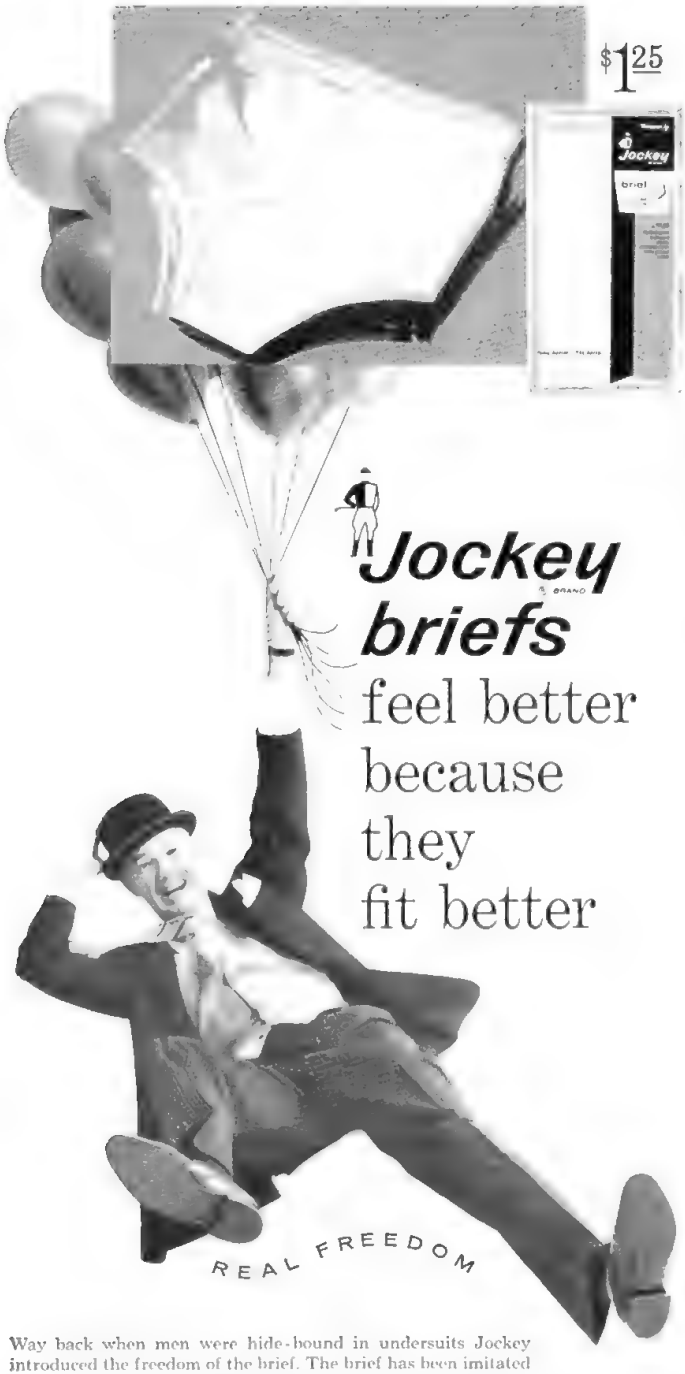
GAIL SONTGERATH, of West Palm Beach, Fla., women's national gymnastics champion competing in women's Olympic gymnastic trials at West Chester (Pa.) State College, scored 149.432 out of possible 160 points, finished first among six qualifiers.

PAUL BOEHM, 15, of Houston won two singles titles at the American Amateur Skating Championships in Little Rock, Ark., joined Pamela Cornwall of Pasadena, Texas to win two doubles, became third roller skater in event's 23 years to achieve grand slam.

JUDY RAND of Aurora, Ohio, competing in Women's Western Junior Golf Championship at Glen Flora C.C. in Waukegan, Ill., shot hole-in-one in quarter-finals on par-3 11th, went on to finals before bowing 5 and 4 to Sharon Fladoos of Dubuque, Iowa.

DAVE YAEGER of Anoka, Minn., won World 20 Gauge Professional Skeet Championship at London Bridge, Va. when he shot 98 out of 100 targets in main event, then beat Wilbur Cox of Wilmington, Del. and Jack Elliott of Chicago in shootoff.

ANN CLARK, a Cincinnati housewife who shoots a bow longer than her height (4 feet 11 inches), won National Archery Association's women's target championship at Oxford, Ohio with record-breaking 3,485 points, regained title she had first won in 1955.



Way back when men were hide-bound in undersuits Jockey introduced the freedom of the brief. The brief has been imitated—but not the fit! Action-tailoring (from 13 separate pieces) makes Jockey the most comfortable brief "going." It gives without gaping, conforms to the body in motion. Feel free to insist on Jockey brand—the *original* brief. (Boys' and prep sizes too.)

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COMING EVENTS

August 12 to August 18
All times are E.D.T.

★ Color television • Television ■ Network Radio

Friday, August 12

BASEBALL
■ Kansas City at Chicago (Mutual) *

FOOTBALL
• College All-Stars vs Baltimore Colts, Chicago (1 p.m., ABC)
■ College All-Stars vs Baltimore Colts, Chicago (1 p.m., ABC)

HARNESS RACING
Liberty Bell Free For All (pacers, $31,000), Wilmington, Del.

Saturday, August 13

BASEBALL
• Chicago at Philadelphia (ABC) *
• San Francisco at Milwaukee (NBC) *
■ St. Louis at Pittsburgh (Mutual) *
• Washington at New York (CBS) *

BRIDGE
Summer Nationals, Los Angeles, through Aug. 21

HARNESS RACING
American Trotting Championship, ($50,000), Westbury, N.Y.

HORSE RACING
Arlington Matron, ($40,000 added), Washington Park at Arlington Park, Ill.
The Matron ($40,000 added), Saratoga, N.Y.

Sunday, August 14

BASEBALL
• Los Angeles at Cincinnati (CBS) *
■ San Francisco at Milwaukee (Mutual) *
• St. Louis at Pittsburgh (NBC) *

MOTOR SPORTS
NASCAR Grand National division, ($19,770), Weaverville, N.C.
IMCA Modified Championship Road Race (time trials—Watkins Glen, N.Y.)

POLO
National Open Team Tournament, Milwaukee (through Aug. 29)

SOAP BOX DERBY
All-American Soap Box Derby, Akron

Monday, August 15

GOLF
USGA Girls' Junior Championship, Essex (through Aug. 19)

HARNESS RACING
Hambletonian Stakes ($31,000), Springfield, Ill.
Hambletonian Stakes ($31,000), Springfield, Ill.
Illinois Futurity ($42,000), Springfield, Ill.
Illinois Futurity ($42,000), Springfield, Ill.

TENNIS
Newport Casino International, Newport, R.I. (through Aug. 21)

Tuesday, August 16

BASEBALL
■ Boston at New York (Mutual) *

TENNIS
Essex County Lawn Tennis Championship, Manchester, Mass. (through Aug. 21)
Girls' Professional Tennis, Merion, Philadelphia (through Aug. 19)

Wednesday, August 17

BASEBALL
■ Los Angeles at Chicago (Mutual) *

BOXING
• Floyd Patterson vs Tom McNeeley (10 rounds), Freedom Hall, Louisville, Ky. (ABC)

FISHING
Atlantic Tuna Tournament, Narragansett, R.I. (through Aug. 19)

GOLF
Eastern Amateur, Portsmouth, Va. (through Aug. 21)

HORSE RACING
Saratoga Special, ($40,000 added), Saratoga, N.Y.

Thursday, August 18

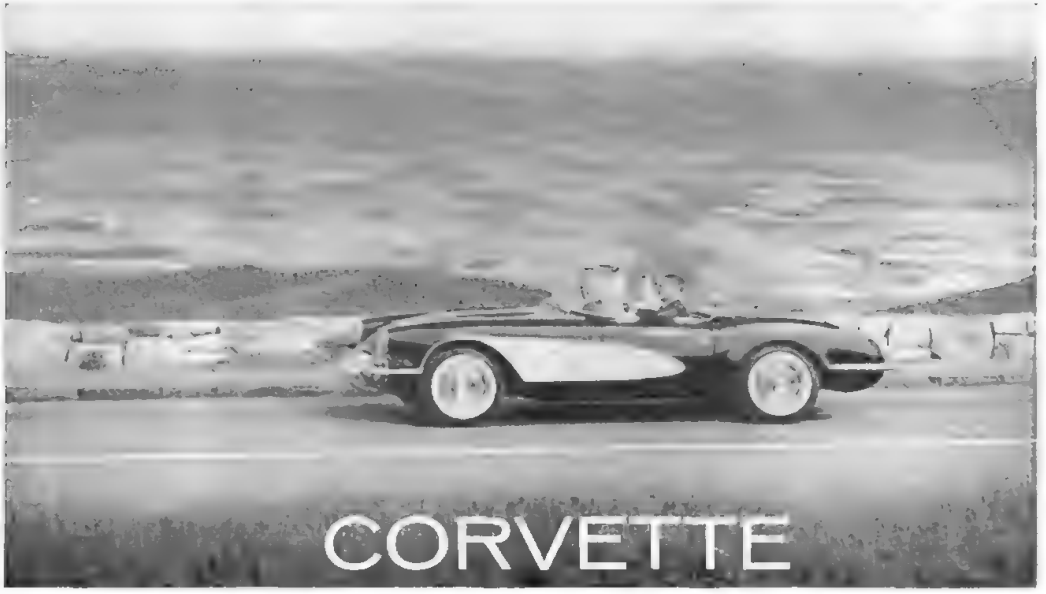
BASEBALL
■ Kansas City at Detroit (Mutual) *

GOLF
St. Paul Open, ($40,000), St. Paul (through Aug. 21)

HORSE RACING
Promise Handicap ($42,000 added), Saratoga, N.Y.

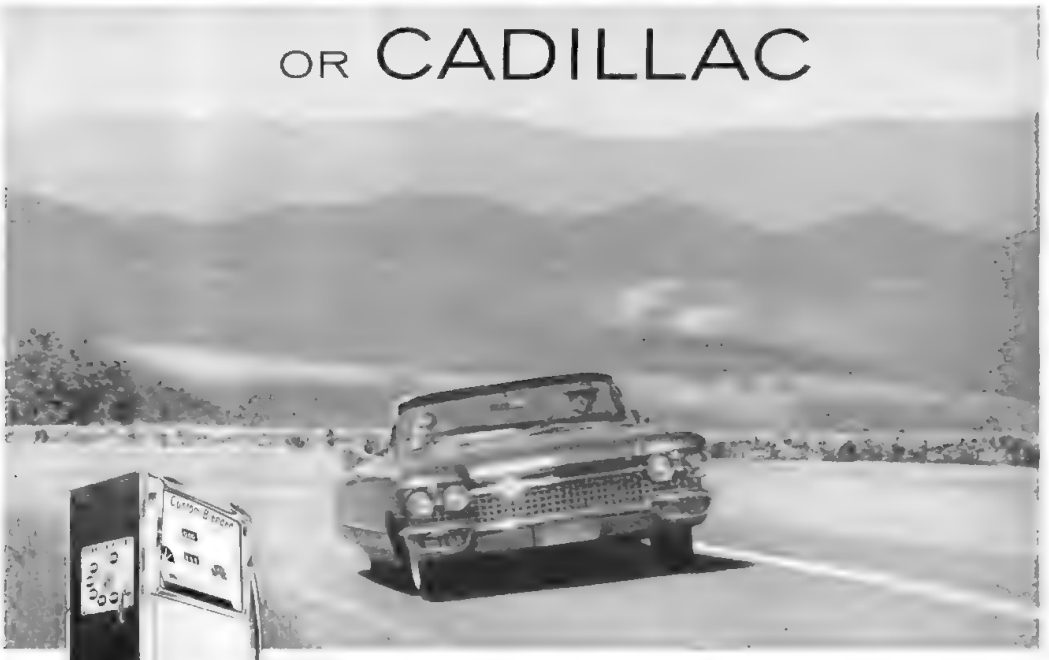
HORSE SHOW
Pebble Beach Show, Pebble Beach, Calif. (through Aug. 21)

* Sectional Hookup



CORVETTE

OR CADILLAC



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Only Sunoco custom-blends 6 fuels to fit the power needs of every kind of car ...every kind of driving.

Fuelpower to fit your car's horsepower!

WHY NOT WAVE THE FLAG?

Nationalism -the sporting brand -will be a major issue soon again in Rome when unofficial scorers, over the protests of the IOC, start counting up the points of rival countries. Actually, the tradition is a long-honored one. The Greeks vied a lot with one another in sports as well as politics and were loaded with small-town nationalism. They nurtured, pampered, finally subsidized local boys. (The girls, on pain of death, were banned from even watching the boys, who were nudists.)

When Baron Pierre de Coubertin succeeded in reviving the Olympic Games in 1896, he had the illusion that he was fostering internationalism at the expense of the nationalism he deplored. Pretty soon he found out that, like sex, you can't make nationalism unpopular. From the first modern Olympics on, spectators and athletes have regarded themselves as belonging to nations, and nothing the baron or Avery Brundage could ever say or do has been able to quell this spirit.

Anyone watching international soccer at New York's Polo Grounds this spring and summer would have witnessed an exuberant display of national pride within the framework of international sportsmanship. Scottish accents, Latin American fervor, English pride, Italian *risorgimento*, Serbian assurance and French *élan* competed and coexisted (usually good-naturedly) on the playing field, and (usually ardently) in the stands. Nationalism and internationalism are not at all incompatible, and it is both inevitable and desirable that this kind of nationalism-within-internationalism should characterize the opening of the XVII Olympiad in the Eternal City August 25.

We must not, however, confuse nationalism with nationalization. Our distinguished contributor, Mr. Charles Thayer, remarks elsewhere in this issue that "rampant universal nationalism has increased international rivalry to the point of making the will to win in sports a national policy." Whenever any state puts its big bureaucratic fingers into sports, there is danger that the sports involved will be conducted mainly for the purpose of inflating the state's finances and its almighty arrogance. Sports should never be *dominated* by nations; but nationalism, judiciously mixed with the Olympic spirit, which aims to promote sports for sports' sake, is healthy for sports, for nations and for individuals.

"One of our boys did it," is a harmless boast, and, unless it turns into jingoism, a healthy one. A superpatriot is as much of a bore in sports as he is in politics, but there is no man without a country. We can cheer for our boys without shame or hesitancy when they win, and we needn't shout foul when they lose. So right now we don't feel at all abashed about urging our boys in Rome to go out and beat the pants off the Russians and everyone else.

HORSEPLAYERS ARE HEALTHY ANIMALS

Horseplayers pay their bookmakers much less than other people pay their psychoanalysts. They get plenty of fresh air and exercise for their money, and no monotony.

Recently, Dr. Stanley O. Wilkins, track physician at Monmouth Park for 14 years, diagnosed horseplayers: "They have an amazing disregard for their own afflictions, and it's sometimes fatal." In other words, no hypochondria, just occasional cardiac trouble.

Dr. Wilkins reported that an average of four persons each racing season at Monmouth Park die of heart attacks. This strikes us as remarkably small. We venture the guess that more people have heart attacks staying in their offices on fine sunlit afternoons when the tote board is effulgent with juicy prices than do at any race track.

Dr. Wilkins cited the instance of one cardiac case, warned by his wife to stay home. He told her he would rather die at the track than anywhere else in the world, and he did.

"Nothing stops a real horseplayer," Carolina Caprioni, one of Dr. Wilkins' nurses, remarked philosophically.

Horseplayers generally have long lives. They are more likely to lack cash than health.

Well done!

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It protects you all over your body by removing skin bacteria that cause odor.

Goes way beyond the reach of underarm deodorants because it protects you from head to toe. Dial with AT-7, the soap for people who like people.

THE WORLD'S BEST ATHLETES follow the Olympic torch to Rome. From left to right are: Japanese swimmer Tsuyoshi Yamanaka, British broad jumper Mary Bignal, U.S. high jumper John Thomas, Mexican fencer Pilar Roldan, Italian cyclist Valentino Gasparella, Danish yachtsman Paul Elvstrom, German stroke Manfred Rulffs (carrying coxswain Willi Padge), Polish javelin thrower Janusz Sidlo, Soviet gymnast Yuri Titov, Yugoslavian soccer player Muhamed Mujic, U.S. basketball player Oscar Robertson, Rumanian high jumper Yolanda Balas, U.S. weight lifter Tommy Kono, Soviet wres-

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
AUGUST 15, 1960

tler Georgi Skhirtladze, Indian field hockey player Balbir Singh, Italian equestrian Raymondo D'Inzeo, U.S. pole vaulter Don Bragg, U.S. shotputter Parry O'Brien, German boxer Manfred Homberg, Soviet sprinter Galina Popova, Hungarian pentathlete Ferenc Nemeth, Soviet hammer thrower Vasily Rudenkov.

OLYMPIC ROMAN HOLIDAY

The athletes converge, and despite the inevitable problems the ancient city is ready for a gay and gala show

by MARTIN KANE

A TALENT for indignation approaching the sublime is distinctive to the Roman soul. For the past year, as the city of Rome labored like Hercules to clear a path for the 17th modern Olympic Games, its 2 million citizens have picked a precarious way through demolished streets. Accustomed to street songs, vexed Romans have been deafened by the roar of trip hammers. In a city where water is often in short supply they have been deprived of it altogether at inconvenient hours. And they have contemplated with noisy gloom the inscrutable traffic problems of a late summer when something like 15,000 foreign cars will crawl into and about a city that was founded, as tradition has it, 23 years after the first recorded Olympics (776 B.C.) and 2,640 years before the invention of the automobile—to which may be attributed the incompatibility of cars and Rome. They were not made for each other.

"All this for the damned Olympics," fumed an angry Roman, regarding a street of rubble where a new traffic underpass was being built.

"Water for swimming pools and no water for the people!" scoffed an equally angry housewife. A new main in the Aurelia area of Rome had broken, intensifying the city's normal summertime shortage.

Along the tawny Tiber and in Rome's Central Park, the Villa Borghese, magnificent umbrella pines were sacrificed to underpasses. Lovers of urban beauty

continued

protested that the character of the city was being undermined.

The new Olympic Highway was slung just behind Vatican City. Communists howled that this was a gross favor to the Vatican, and bourgeois real estate owners squawked that the "natural axis" of the city was being shifted westward for the crass purpose of boosting land values where they did not own land.

But, while Rome grumbled, midsummer drew on, and the time of the Games drew near. Olympic flagpoles were raised over highways into the city. The Olympic Village, capable of housing 7,500 athletes, was opened to admiring view. The handsome Palazzo dello Sport, seating 16,000, was unwrapped. Some of the completed underpasses were testing out just fine. The new Peschiera Aqueduct drew a fresh supply of clear, cool water from the mountains beyond Rome.

As these changes took place the temper of the techy citizenry underwent a happy vicissitude. The sporting spirit began to take over. The Olympic insignia bloomed in cinemas, bars and shops. Bars named Nando and Otello changed to Bar Olimpico and Olimpiade Romana. A restaurant christened dishes after famous athletes. Manufacturers produced a jumble of "Olympic" suitcases, alarm clocks, shoes, cameras, binoculars, dresses, shirts, pants, folding chairs, Thermos flasks and handkerchiefs. The ultimate in deification was an "Olympic" wine.

Many a blasé Roman had planned to get out of town to escape the nuisances of a sudden 100,000 population increase. Now these sophisticates abruptly changed their minds. They decided to stay and enjoy the once-in-a-lifetime show. A government scheme to have state employees take vacations during the Olympics backfired. Instead of hurrying away to rural villas, most employees will remain at home to see the Games.

Traffic was the main problem, since housing accommodations seemed adequate, though hotels were booked solid. With its 400,000 motor vehicles, Rome is thought to have Europe's biggest traffic headache. One Olympic remedy will be elimination of the three-hour noontime siesta, during which Romans always have gone home to lunch, jamming the streets with their cars each way. Now workers will lunch on sandwiches and forgo naps. For the same traffic-easing purpose, staggered shifts of civil service employees will be tried. Wholesale meat and vegetable markets, ordinarily open until noon, will close by law at 7:30 a.m. After 7 a.m. no trucks may enter the city.

Upsurge in sport

These measures will work only a mild alleviation on a disorder that promises to be at best disagreeable, but, even so, sporting Romans who stay away from these Olympics will be handing themselves a lifetime of self-reproach. The 1960 Olympics promise the most exciting feats in history. As tryouts have been held, record after record has fallen. Under the stimulus of Olympic competition, many will fall again.

The past four years have seen an astonishing upward surge of athletic ability all over the world. In sports like track and field, where time and distance give a precise measure of improvement, the advances have been obvious. But there is good reason to believe that a comparable improvement has occurred in those sports that cannot be measured, in which only the expert eye can detect a higher standard of performance. The athletes and teams of 1960 are better than ever and more numerous than ever.

Presumably this is due in great part to a worldwide sociological trend toward better living. With better nutrition and more leisure time the world's sportsmen have made spectacular advances. An enormous surplus of human energy, hitherto spent in scrabbling for a living, has burgeoned and grown sporting fruit.

Part of the gain, too, must be attributed to an increasingly lenient interpretation of amateurism, now regarded in such relaxed terms that it can scarcely be defined at all (*see page 72*). This modern amateurism is manifest not only in the Iron Curtain countries, where athletes are given state jobs and limitless time to train, but has its parallels in the U.S. and other countries, too.

Improved techniques also have meant improved performance. The Germans, for instance, are expected to take the lead in crew because of Coach Karl Adam's strange tulip-shaped blades, which are high-stroked to a beat in the 40s, and the superb condition of his eight, which is in training all year round. Last month the Germans achieved the fastest 2,000-meter time ever recorded: five minutes 47.5 seconds. The Olympic best is 5:56.7. They have come up with a spectacular crew, one that is all but a cinch to take an event that the United States has dominated since 1920.

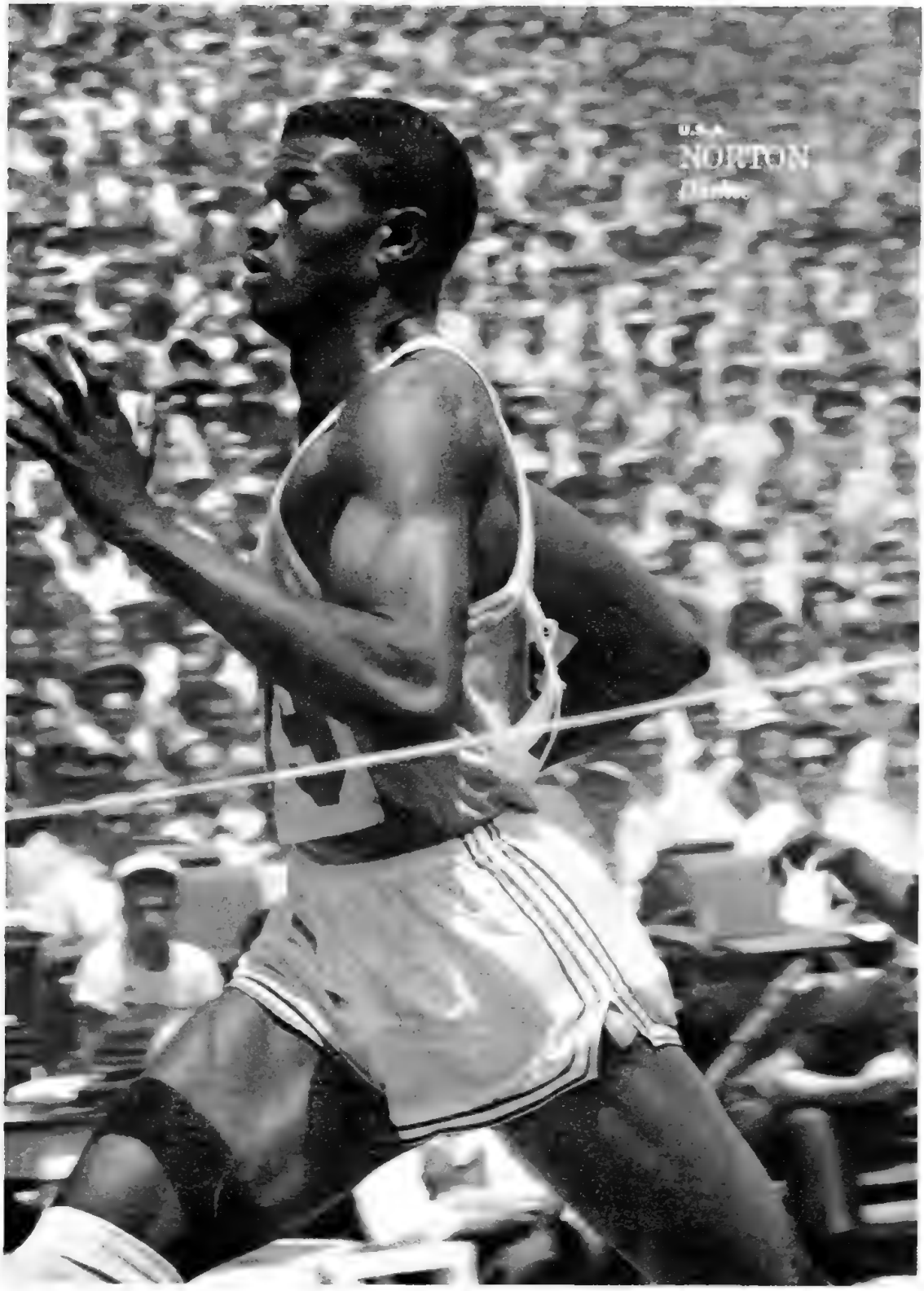
The United States, if the form charts starting on page 34 are borne out, will emerge from this Olympics second to the U.S.S.R. Doing well in the field events, the sprints and the hurdles, dominating the diving as always, excelling in basketball, and fielding the strongest equestrian team we ever have had, will not be

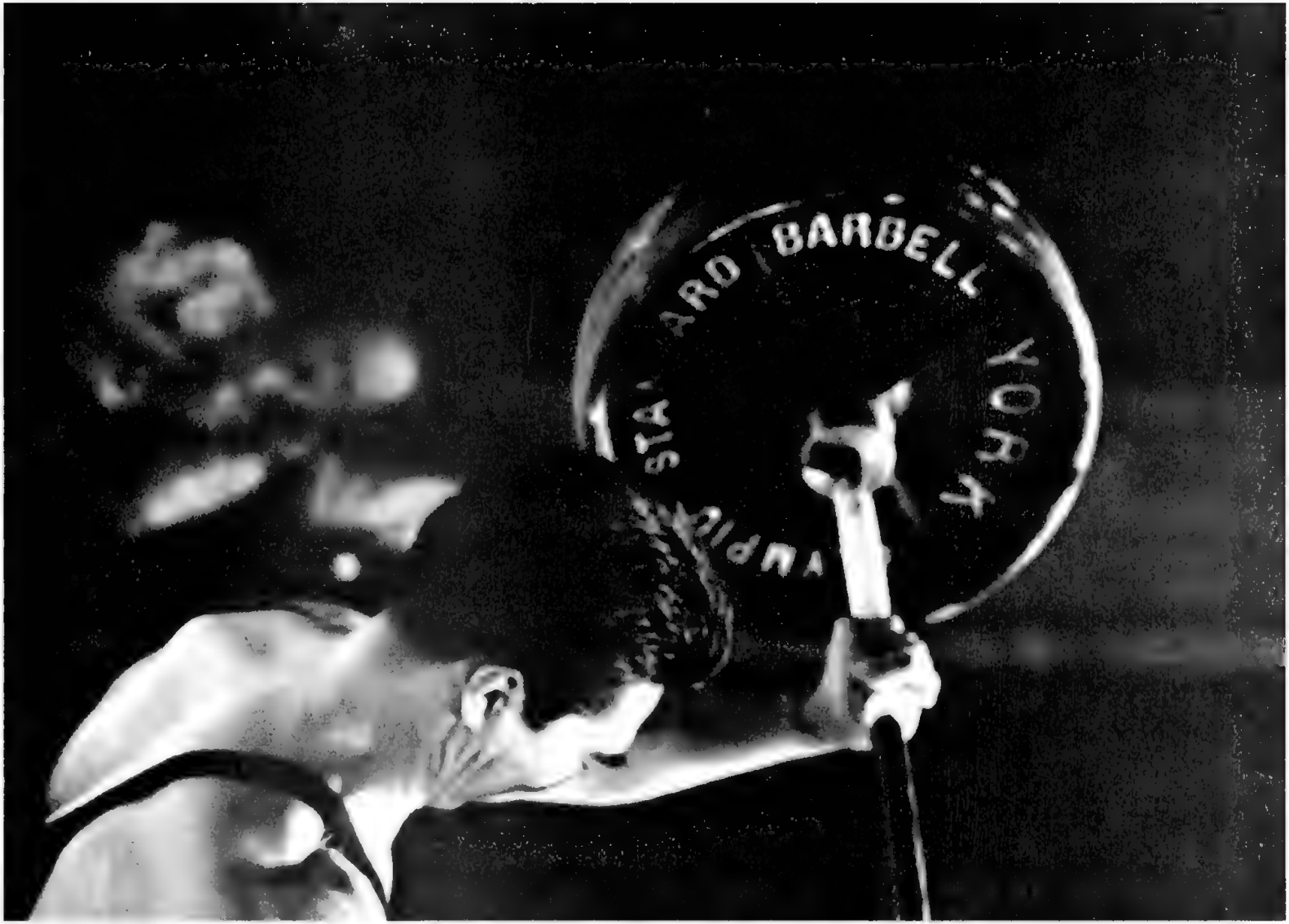
continued on page 33

PORTFOLIO

SPEED, STRENGTH AND GRACE

The talented athletes who will be in the center of the stage at the Olympic Games are, most of them, exceptionally attractive people. The 16-page photographic portfolio that follows shows dramatically the youthful speed, strength and grace that will be so much in evidence at Rome


U.S.A.
NORTON

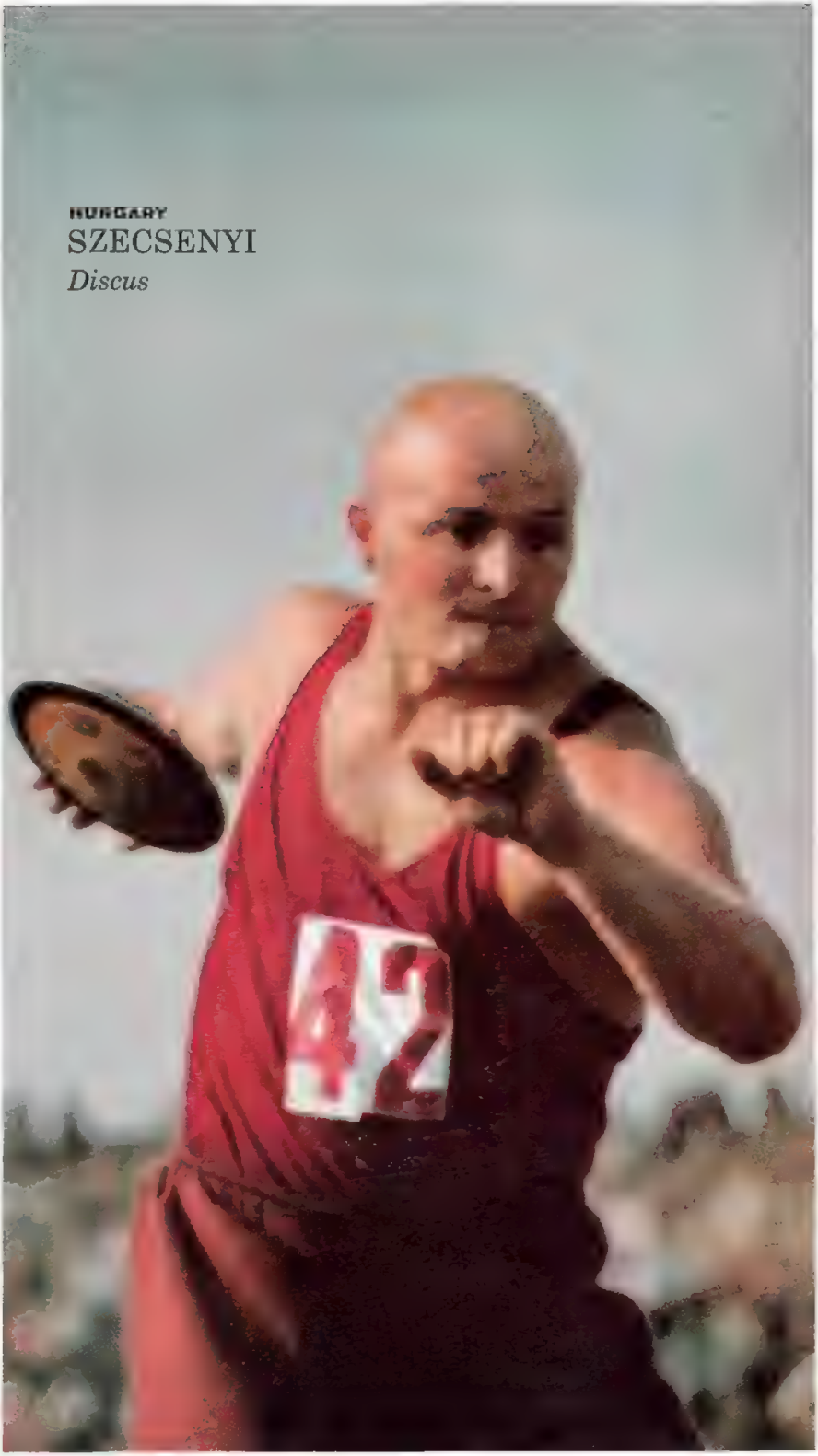

YORK
BARBELL
STANDARD

U.S.A.
KONO
Weight lifting

U.S.A.
THOMAS
High jump

U. S. S. R.
KUZNETSOV
Decathlon

U. S. S. R.
IVANOV
Rowing


HUNGARY
SZECSENYI
Discus
42

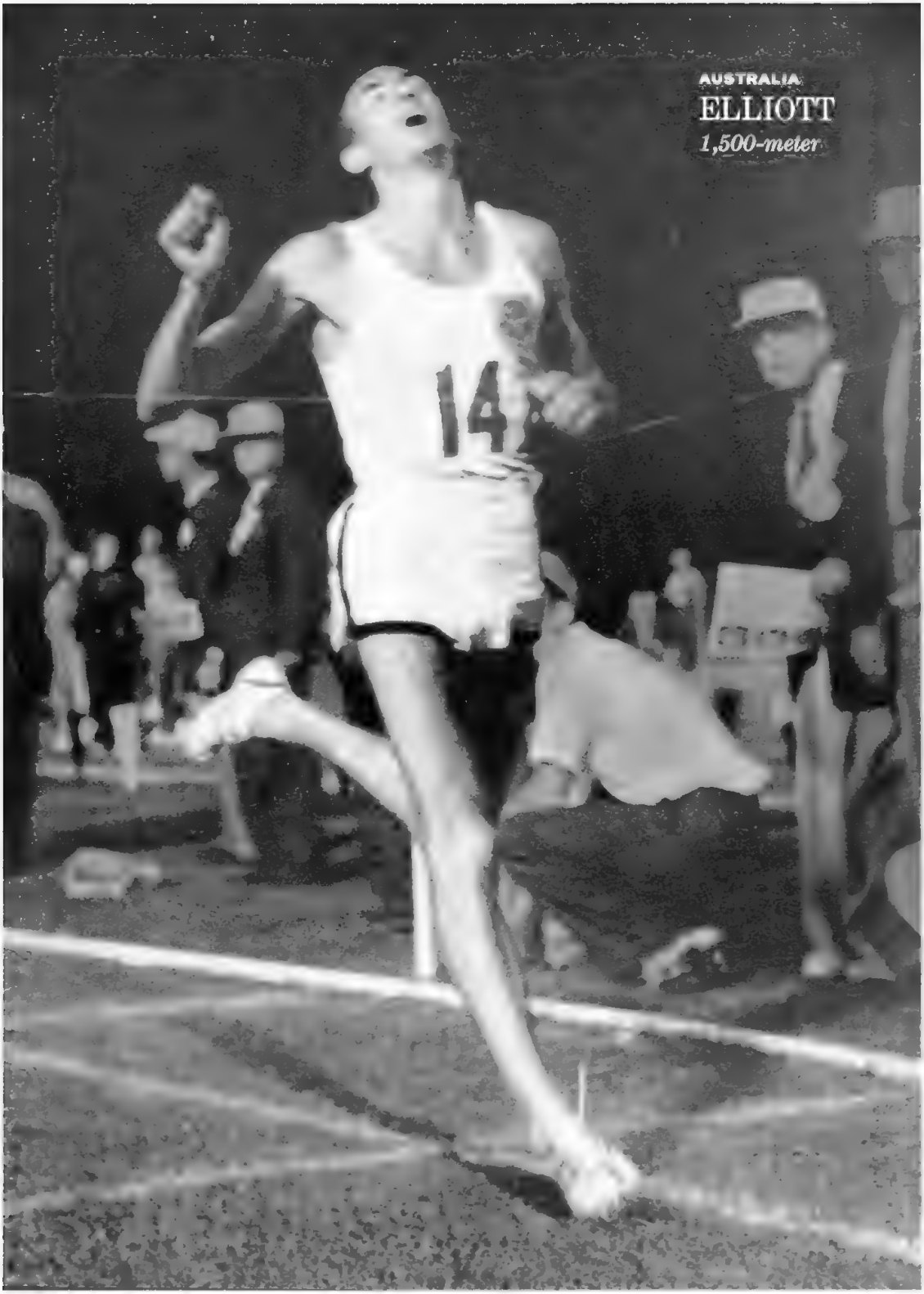
U.S.S.R.
BORISOV
Shooting

ITALY

P. D'INZEO

Equestrian

GREAT BRITAIN
BLACK


AUSTRALIA
ELLIOTT
1,500-meter
14

CANADA
RUSSELL
Gymnastics

RUMANIA
BALAS
High jump

MASLOVSKAYA
Dancer

AUSTRALIA
COLQUHOUN
Swimming

continued from page 16

enough to surpass the Russians in the unofficial but inevitable scoring.

There may be some pleasant surprises for the U.S., though. In John Kelley we have at last gained a good chance in the marathon, which we have not won since 1908. Through Jim Beatty we may expect something from the 5,000 meters. And we look to do very well in swimming, with our girls as well as the boys.

But we have lost ground in weight lifting, can expect not too much from our boxing team and, as usual, will do less than well in a style of wrestling our colleges refuse to accept.

Russian strength is concentrated in the modern pentathlon, weight lifting, wrestling and gymnastics. In gymnastics alone the Russians are almost conceded 12 out of a possible 14 gold medals. We'll trounce them in men's track and field and they will trounce us in women's track and field, where we don't expect a single first.

Some of the small countries have special hopes in special areas. Denmark dreams of taking home three of the five gold medals in yachting. Turkey looks for four firsts in freestyle and Greco-Roman wrestling. The British West Indies has an 800-meters star in George Kerr. Hungary can taste three gold medals in fencing.

Everywhere the competition will be fierce. Out of 98 countries, 87 have entrants in the Olympics. Smaller nations have entered as never before. There are no competitors from Albania, Bolivia, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Honduras, Korea, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Salvador and Tanganyika. But the likes of Ghana, Surinam, Somalia, Monaco and San Marino *have* entered, bless their sporting little hearts.

Many athletes from such countries have entered without adequate coaching or equipment. Ceylon's Linus Diaz will attempt the marathon and the 10,000 meters, sustained chiefly by advice mailed to him from such great names of running as Emil Zatopek and Dr. Roger Bannister. A Haitian named Philome Laguerre, the only Haitian entered, has decided to take on the weight lifters of the world on the strength of what he has learned from a correspondence course.

As the Games drew near there were startling and heartening feats here and there. More than 400 young athletes strove to earn 42 places on the U.S. swimming team and broke three world records in the struggle. Jeff Farrell, the world's best sprinter, underwent an emergency appendectomy just six days before the U.S. trials but placed fourth in the 200-meter freestyle special and so won a spot on the relay team (*see page 54*).

While their coaches groaned at news of the U.S. records, the Australian swimmers were merely stimulated. They went out and set a flock of records of their own.

Political dissension

These individual braveries are in the spirit of the Games, bred in the ancient Greek idea of the virtue of the individual, and rise above the sour politics of our time. As always, there are political dissensions. For example, the Germans, West and East, are teamed up in fact by the rules but not in spirit.

"We may speak one language and compete under one flag, but there is no way to make us one team. . . . We will be two camps competing as one —and looking over our shoulders at each other." That, spoken by Wilhelm Pollmans, technical director of the West Germans, summed it up.

There have been other summations. The Italian Communist newspaper *L'Unità* has threatened that Benito Mussolini's name might be removed by force from an obelisk near the Olympic Stadium and urged that the words "Duce, Duce, Duce" be expunged from a sidewalk. The Communist suggestions, little more than demands that those who disagree should have their throats cut from ear to ear, have been ignored. Other Romans seem to feel that mementos of Mussolini and Caligula have their place in history.

Political troublemakers cannot be avoided in international competition on such a scale. Loudmouths who don't know the difference between a long cheer and a short beer are always obtruding on these events.

Despite the offstage distractions, these promise to be the most magnificent Games ever held. The Italian committee, its funds bolstered by returns from a football pool, has spent perhaps as much as $70 million in its preparations. These Games will be held in an atmosphere of splendor against a backdrop of Rome's ancient grandeur, studded with the modern beauty of freshly constructed arenas. Pier Luigi Nervi, the great architect, has contributed the Palazzo dello Sport (Sports Palace), the Palazzetto dello Sport (Little Sports Palace), and the Stadio Flaminio, a football stadium. One of Mussolini's contributions is the Olympic Stadium itself, the largest in Italy and one of the largest in the world, which seats 100,000 normally and will seat 110,000 for the opening and closing ceremonies, track and field and the grand-prix jump.

But these are modern establishments. One of Rome's ancient marvels, the Baths of Caracalla, which once accommodated 1,600 bathers, will now accommodate gymnasts. The marathon will start at the steps of the Campidoglio (Capitol) and finish at the Arch of Constantine by the light of torches. Wrestling will be at the Basilica of Maxentius.

And the Games will spur Roman society to special gaiety. There will be fancy parties—*terrazza* celebrations in penthouses and private villas, the guests enchanted by the city's night vista of shadowy domes and spires, floodlit ruins and torchlighted palaces reflected against the dark blue velvet sky. Among the guests will be Prince Axel and Princess Margaretha of Denmark, Prince and Princess Albert de Liège, Prince Gholam Reza Pahlevi, Prince and Princess Jean de Luxembourg, and so on. There have been rumors that the Shah of Iran, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret and her husband will attend the Games.

The Olympic flame is on its way to light the grandest Games that the Baron Pierre de Coubertin ever dreamed of. On the evening of August 25, after the opening ceremonies, the Games will begin with boxing at the Palazzetto dello Sport and water polo at the Piscina delle Rose. Not until the seventh day, August 31, will the qualifications start in track and field, with finals in shotput and broad jump. The Games will continue until Sunday, September 11, the 18th day, when the grand-prix jump and closing ceremonies take over the Olympic Stadium.

Then those indignant Romans, so intolerant of trifles while the city was being made ready, will know Rome has again made history. **END**

FORM CHART 1960 OLYMPICS

The following is a listing of every event in the 1960 Olympics. The likely winners, picked by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED experts, are printed in boldface type, in regular type, with their best performances ever shown in parentheses, are the contenders they have to beat most. Under each sport, the four nations with the strongest over-all representation have been listed separately. Other outstanding performers may be found under OTHER NATIONS. A summary appears at the end.

TRACK & FIELD (World record)	U.S.A.	U.S.S.R.	GERMANY	AUSTRALIA	OTHER NATIONS	ANALYSIS
100 METERS (10.0)	**NORTON** (10.1) BUDD (10.2) SIME (10.2)	OZOLIN (10.3) BARTENYEV (10.2)	HARY (10.0) GERMAR (10.2)		RADFORD, Great Britain (10.2) BERRUTI, Italy (10.2) JEROME, Canada (10.0)	Sprints. Hary's rolling start, rabbit pickup should get him off in front but Norton's superior top speed, strength should tell in last 20 meters of 100, last 40 meters of 200. Up close, Radford, Jerome in 100, Johnson, Radford in 200. U.S. sprint relay team may set new world record.
200 METERS (20.5)	**NORTON** (20.5) JOHNSON (20.5) CARNEY (20.7)	BARTENYEV (21.1) OZOLIN (21.1)	GERMAR (20.8) HARY (20.5)		RADFORD, Great Britain (20.4) BERRUTI, Italy (20.7) SEYE, France (20.7)	
400-METER RELAY (39.5)	**FIRST**		SECOND		CANADA (3rd)	
400 METERS (45.2)	YERMAN (46.0) YOUNG (45.9) O. DAVIS (45.8)		KAUFMANN (45.4) KINDER (45.8)		**SPENCE**, S. Africa (45.6) SINGH, India (46.0) KERR, BWI (45.8)	400 meters. Spence may be the best quarter miler in the world. A master of the delicate sense of pace required by this race, he should beat the U.S.'s strong Jack Yerman, who is not fast enough, and fast Otis Davis, who cannot pace his race. The 1,600-meter relay: BWI, South Africa, Germany very close to U.S.
1,600 METER RELAY (3:03.9)	**FIRST**				BRITISH WEST INDIES (3rd) SOUTH AFRICA (2nd)	
800 METERS (1:45.7)	MURPHY (1:46.7) SIEBERT (1:46.8 CUNLIFFE (1:46.6)	BULISHEV (1:48.8)	SCHMIDT (1:46.2)	BLUE (1:47.1)	**KERR**, BWI (1:46.4) MOENS, Belgium (1:45.7)	800 meters. George Kerr is a paramount half miler. He has speed, strength and tactical sense. Murphy and Siebert finish powerfully but they may be too far behind to kick in.
1,500 METERS (3:36.0)	BURLESON (3:41.6) GRELLE (3:42.7)		VALENTIN (3:39.3)	**ELLIOTT** (3:36) LINCOLN (3:38.9) THOMAS (3:41.6)	DELANY, Ireland (3:40.5) ROZSAVOLGYI, Hungary (3:38.8) VAMOS, Rumania (3:40.5)	1,500 meters. Elliott's the best, running from in front or kicking from behind. Burleson is too young to stand the pace. Rozsavolgyi of Hungary and Valentin, the strong, fast German, are best filled to battle Elliott.
5,000 METERS (13:35.0)	BEATTY (13:51.7)	BOLOTNIKOV (13:52.8) ARTINYUK (13:53.0) YEFIMOV (14:08.0)	F. JANKE (13:42.4) GRODOTZKI (13:48.4)	THOMAS (14:04.6) LAWRENCE (13:54.2)	ZIMNY, Poland (13:44.4) **HALBERG**, N. Zealand (13:55.4) *PIRIE, Great Britain* (13:56.8)	5,000 meters. Halberg is a complete athlete from 1,500 meters up. His pace, kick should kill off opponents. America's Beatty might, conceivably, outrun him in the stretch.
10,000 METERS (28:30.4)		BOLOTNIKOV (28:58.0) ARTINYUK (28:58.0) ZHUKOV (28:58.6) YEVDOKIMOV (28:38.0)	GRODOTZKI (28:57.8) HONICKE (29:08.6)	POWER (29:32.0) LAWRENCE (28:53.6)	**HALBERG**, N. Zealand (28:48.0) ZIMNY, Poland (29:28.6) KOVACS, Hungary (28:52.4)	10,000 meters. Halberg may double in this race and the 5,000, win both, as Kuts did at Melbourne. Lawrence of Australia is strong, used to heat, a factor in Rome.
STEEPLECHASE (8:31.4)	COLEMAN (8:40.8)	SOKOLOV (8:32.4) RZHISHCHIN (8:35.6)	BUHL (8:34.0)		**KRZYSKOWIAK**, Poland (8:31.4) ZHANAL, Czechoslovakia (8:43.4) SIMON, Hungary (8:40.6)	Steeplechase. Toughest of all races, murderously exhausting. Krzyskowiak sets tremendous pace, can hold it. Russians are close. U.S. entry unable to run so fast so far.
110-METER HURDLES (13.2)	**CALHOUN** (13.4) MAY (13.5) JONES (13.5)	MIKHAILOV (13.6)	LAUER (13.2)		YANG, Nat. China (13.9) LORGER, Yugoslavia (13.9)	Hurdles. Germany's Lauer has best time, but probably can not match Calhoun technique. May and Jones speed. Lauer, like Hary, needs a break from starter, may not get it. At 400 meters, Potgieter combines form and speed, but not as well as Davis, Howard's strong, Cushman faster.
400 METER HURDLES (49.2)	**G. DAVIS** (49.2) HOWARD (49.8) CUSHMAN (49.9)	MATSULEVICH (51.4) SYEDOV (51.4) KLYENIN (51.2)	JANZ (50.6)		POTGIETER, S. Africa (49.0) MORALE, Italy (50.9) FARRELL, Great Britain (51.0)	

HIGH JUMP *(7 feet 3¾ inches)*	**THOMAS** *(7-3¾)* FAUST *(7-0)* DUMAS *(7-0½)*	BOLSHOV *(7-0¾)* KASHKAROV *(7-0¼)* SHAVLAKADZE *(6-11⅞)*		PORTER *(6-10⅝)*	PETTERSSON, Sweden *(6-11⅛)* SALMINEN, Finland *(6-10⅝)*	High jump: Only question is second place. Thomas is incomparably the best, but Russians may break into top three if Dumas is not at peak or Faust not inspired.
BROAD JUMP *(26 feet 8¼ inches)*	**BOSTON** *(26-6½)* WATSON *(25-9½)* ROBERSON *(26-2)*	TER-OVANESYAN *(26-3½)*	STEINBACH *(26-0¼)* MOLZBERGER *(25-0¾)*		VISSER, Netherlands *(26-2)*	Broad jump: Boston is a good bet to break oldest of all world records. Watson, young and eager, should whip Ter-Ovanesyan, best of Russian entries, and Roberson might.
POLE VAULT *(15 feet 9¼ inches)*	**BRAGG** *(15-9¼)* MORRIS *(15-5¼)* CLARK *(15-3)*	KRASOVSKIS *(15-1¼)* PETRENKO *(14-9¼)* BULATOV *(15-2¾)*	PREUSSGER *(15-1⅛)*			Pole vault: Take Tarzan of the Apes—Don Bragg. He's the biggest and best, and Ron Morris, much smaller, is next best. Russia could be third, with U.S.'s Dave Clark, fourth.
HOP, STEP & JUMP *(55 feet 10½ inches)*	I. DAVIS *(53-4¼)* SHARPE *(52-1¼)*	**GORYAYEV** *(54-2)* FEDOSEYEV *(54-9½)* KREER *(54-0)*		TOMLINSON *(52-6)*	DA SILVA, Brazil *(54-4)* SCHMIDT, Poland *(55-10½)*	Goryayev has improved rapidly. So has Schmidt, his most dangerous rival, who broke the world record on Aug. 5. Ira Davis may win a point or two and so will 32 year old Da Silva if he can reach Melbourne peak.
SHOTPUT *(65 feet 7 inches)*	**LONG** *(64-6½)* O'BRIEN *(63-5)* D. DAVIS *(62-8½)*	LIPSNIS *(60-8)* VARANAUSKAS *(59-5¼)*			ROWE, Great Britain *(62-1)* VARJU, Hungary *(61-2¾)* MECONI, Italy *(60-7½)*	Shotput: U.S. with Dallas Long, Parry O'Brien, Dave Davis should sweep first three places. Europeans have not improved enough.
DISCUS *(196 feet 6½ inches)*	**OERTER** *(194-1½)* BABKA *(192-3½)* COCHRAN *(188-10)*	TRUSENYEV *(185-8½)* BUKHANTSEV *(184-4½)* KOMPANAYETS *(185-5)*			PIATKOWSKI, Poland *(196-6½)* SZECSENYI, Hungary *(193-8)* KOCH, Netherlands *(184-9½)*	Discus: Oerter or Babka could set world record, will very likely place one-two ahead of Poland's Piatkowski.
HAMMER THROW *(225 feet 4 inches)*	**CONNOLLY** *(225-4)* HALL *(220-7)* BAGDONAS *(205-11)*	RUDENKOV *(222-10)* BAKARINOV *(213-10½)* NIKULIN *(216-3)*	PETER *(206-7)*		ZSIVOTZKY, Hungary *(223-9½)* CSERMAK, Hungary *(210-8¾)* LAWLOR, Ireland *(209-6½)*	Hammer throw: Connolly has been consistent winner but he may be surprised by Al Hall. Russians look good for third, fourth.
JAVELIN *(283 feet 8 inches)*	ALLEY *(283-8)* CANTELLO *(282-3½)* BEUCHER *(255-11)*	VLAD. KUZNETSOV *(278-6½)* TSIBULENKO *(273-5)* OVCHINNICK *(255-3½)*	KRUGER *(261-2)* AHREND *(258-6½)*		**SIDLO**, Poland *(280-8½)* FREDRIKSSON, Sweden *(272-2)* C. LIEVORE, Italy *(266-2½)*	Javelin: Alley's and Cantello's long throws were made with non-Olympic javelins. Sidlo's 280 plus was regulation.
DECATHLON *(8,683)*	**JOHNSON** *(8,683)* EDSTROM *(8,176)*	KUZNETSOV *(8,357)* KUTENKO *(7,989)*	LAUER *(7,955)*		YANG, Nat. China *(8,426)*	Decathlon: One name suffices. Rafer Johnson. The new world record holder is in a class by himself, and the competition should be between Kuznetsov, Yang and Edstrom —for second.
MARATHON *(no record)*	KELLEY	**POPOV**		OLLERENSHAW	OKSENEN, Finland HIROSHIMA, Japan	Marathon: U.S. finally admitted best competitor, John Kelley, but against the distance-loving foreigners he has little chance for first place. This event is wide open, should be won by Russia or Great Britain.
20-KM. WALK *(1:25:57.2)*		**VEDYAKOV** *(1:25:57.2)* GOLUBNICHI *(1:27:05)* LAVROV *(1:28:43.6)*			MATTHEWS, Great Britain *(1:26:05.2)* VICKERS, Great Britain *(1:28:43.6)*	

continued

TRACK & FIELD *continued* (*world record*)	U.S.A.	U.S.S.R.	GERMANY	AUSTRALIA	OTHER NATIONS	ANALYSIS
50-KM WALK (*4:11:18.6*)		VEDYAKOV (*4:03:00.0*) LOBASTOV (*4:16:08.6*)			READ, New Zealand (*4:21:23.0*)	The walks. This odd, Mae West-wiggly event is interesting to Europeans, couldn't mean less to Americans. So the Russians will, as usual, blanket the finish, with the U.S. entry far behind, tired and happy for the free trip to Rome.
Women:						
100 METERS (*11.3*)	RUDOLPH (*11.5*) JONES (*11.6*)	ITKINA (*11.4*) KREPKINA (*11.5*)	RAEPKE (*11.7*) HENDRIX (*11.6*)	**CUTHBERT** (*11.4*) DUGGAN (*11.5*)	FREDRICKSON, S. Africa (*11.5*) HYMAN, Great Britain (*11.8*)	Women. Led by Betty Cuthbert, triple gold-medalist, the Australian sprinters won all of the foot races at Melbourne in 1956. Other women have run faster times this season, but Cuthbert, who has met and defeated Russia's Itkina, is more consistent than the U.S.'s talented Wilma Rudolph. In the relay, the U.S.'s Tennessee State girls, who pass the baton smoothly, should push the Aussies to a world record with the Germans close behind.
200 METERS (*22.9*)	RUDOLPH (*22.9*) WILLIAMS (*23.4*)	ITKINA (*23.6*) MASLOVSKAYA (*24.0*)	BIRKEMEYER (*23.4*) HEINE (*23.7*)	***CUTHBERT*** (*23.1*) DUGGAN (*23.3*)	LEONE, Italy (*24.0*)	
400-METER RELAY (*44.5*)	SECOND	THIRD		**FIRST**	Great Britain	
800 METERS (*2:04.3*)		**LYSENKO** (*2:04.3*) KOTOVA (*2:06.6*)	DONATH (*2:06.8*) KUMMERFELD (*2:06.7*)	JONES (*2:08.8*)	GRESECU, Rumania (*2:08.6*) JORDAN, Great Britain (*2:07.4*)	Only the Germans have a chance to upset the well-conditioned and experienced Russian women in the 800-meter, which is being run for the first time since 1928.
80-METER HURDLES (*10.5*)		KOSHOLEVA (*10.6*) I. PRESS (*10.6*)	**BIRKEMEYER** (*10.5*) KOPP (*10.7*)	THROWER (*10.6*) WIGNEY (*10.8*)	STAMEJCIC, Yugoslavia (10.9)	Australia's hurdler, Norma Thrower, has a chance to finish next to Germany's Birkemeyer, but will have to beat two fast-stepping Russians to win a silver medal.
HIGH JUMP (*6 feet 1¼ inches*)		CHENCHIK (*5-10*) DOLYA (*5-9¾*)		FRITH (*5-8½*)	**BALAS**, Rumania (*6-1¼*)	Rumania's high jumper, Iolanda Balas, is as far ahead of her rivals as John Thomas is ahead of his. Claus broke the broad jump world record on August 7th but Krzesinska is steadier. Russian women should win gold or silver medals in all other events, particularly in the field where opposition is only spotty.
BROAD JUMP (*21 feet 0 inches*)	WHITE (*20-4½*)	SHAPRUNOVA (*20-8½*) RADCHENKO (*20-4¼*)	CLAUS (*21-0*) H. HOFFMANN (*20-0¼*)	MITCHELL (*20-4¼*)	**KRZESINSKA**, Poland (*20-10*) BIGNAL, Great Britain (*20-7*)	
SHOTPUT (*57 feet 1¾ inches*)	BROWN (*54-8*)	**T. PRESS** (*57-1¾*) DOYNIKOVA (*54-9*)	LUTTGE (*53-8½*) W. HOFFMANN (*53-6½*)		SLOPER, N. Zealand (*54-7*)	
DISCUS (*187 feet 1½ inches*)	BROWN (*176-10*) CONNOLLY (*172-4½*)	**T. PRESS** (*184-9*) PONOMARYEVA (*184-4*)	SCHUCH (*180-5½*) MUELLER (*181-6¼*)		NEMKOVA, Czechoslovakia (*177-10¼*) MERTOVA, Czechoslovakia (*177-8¾*)	
JAVELIN (*195 feet 2½ inches*)	OLDHAM (*163-5½*)	**OZOLINA** (*195-2½*) KALDENE (*181-8*)		PAZERA (*188-4*)	PESCOVA, Czechoslovakia (*184-5*) ZATOPKOVA, Czechoslovakia (*183-1¾*)	

SWIMMING (*world record*)	AUSTRALIA	U.S.A.	JAPAN	GERMANY	OTHER NATIONS
100-METER FREESTYLE (*54.6*)	**DEVITT** (*54.6*) HENRICKS (*55.3*)	LARSON (*55.0*) HUNTER (*56.0*)	YAMANAKA (*56.4*) ISHIHARA (*56.7*)	WIEGAND (*56.2*)	DOBAY, Hungary (*56.1*) DOS SANTOS, Brazil (*56.6*)

400-METER FREESTYLE (4:15.9)	**KONRADS** (4:15.9) ROSE (4:21.3)	SOMERS (4:21.9) LENZ (4:25.2)	YAMANAKA (4:16.6) FUKUI (4:25.7)	WIEGAND (4:28.0) KLEIN (4:29.7)	NIKITIN, U.S.S.R. (4:30.1) BLACK, Great Britain (4:25.8)	Freestyle. The U.S. was set to regain a gold medal in the 100 until untimely appendectomy eliminated Jeff Farrell. But Larson poses a definite challenge to Henricks and Devitt who were one-two in 1956. Distances go to Konrads and his world record rival, Yamanaka, although U.S.'s Somers is coming fast in the 400.
1,500-METER FREESTYLE (17:11.0)	**KONRADS** (17:11.0) ROSE (17:40.2)	BREEN (17:33.5) SOMERS (17:35.4)	YAMANAKA (17:25.0) NAKABU (18:17.0)	HETZ (18:00.5) BACHMANN (18:18.2)	KATONA, Hungary (17:55.2) BLACK, Great Britain (18:05.8)	
200-METER BREASTSTROKE (2:36.5)	GATHERCOLE (2:36.5) BURTON (2:41.2)	HAIT (2:40.2) MULLIKEN (2:40.9)	OSAKI (2:36.9) MASUDA (2:39.3)	**HENNINGER** (2:37.4) ENKE (2:38.6)	PROKOLENKO, U.S.S.R. (2:38.0) MENSONIDES, Netherlands (2:41.7)	Other strokes. In the breaststroke six men could finish within the space of a fingernail. A European is the likeliest winner since August is normally an off season for the Aussies. Mike Troy and Bob Bennett, relative newcomers, are young and tough enough to win the butterfly and backstrokes for the U.S., but Bennett must outstroke a strong, smart field of veterans.
200-METER BUTTERFLY (2:13.2)	HAYES (2:17.5)	**TROY** (2:13.2) GILLANDERS (2:14.0)	YOSHIMURA (2:17.8) IZUTU (2:18.9)		BLACK, Great Britain (2:17.8) DENNERLEIN, Italy (2:18.0)	
100-METER BACKSTROKE (1:01.5)	THIELE (1:02.6) MONCKTON (1:01.5)	**BENNETT** (1:01.9) McKINNEY (1:02.6)				
800-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	SECOND	**FIRST**	THIRD		HUNGARY	
400-METER MEDLEY RELAY	SECOND	**FIRST**			RUSSIA (3rd)	Relays: U.S. is headed for a world record in the medley, also rates a slight edge in the freestyle. Australia's winter training has not brought hoped-for progress.
THREE-METER DIVING		**HALL** TOBIAN		POPHAL	COLLIN, Great Britain	
10-METER PLATFORM DIVE		**WEBSTER** TOBIAN		SPERLING	GAXIOLA, Mexico PHELPS, Great Britain	Diving. No diving coaches in the world match the Americans. Mexico's Al Gaxiola, who attended the U of Michigan, won the 1959 Pan Ams, but Webster and Tobian are ready now. No one in the world threatens Sam Hall on the springboard.
Women:	**AUSTRALIA**	**U.S.A.**	**GERMANY**	**NETHERLANDS**	**OTHER NATIONS**	
100-METER FREESTYLE (60.2)	**FRASER** (60.2) KONRADS (62.6)	VON SALTZA (61.3) WOOD (62.6)	BRUNNER (64.4)	GASTELAARS (62.9) POSTHUMUS (63.9)	MADARASZ, Hungary (62.5) STEWARD, Great Britain (64.3)	Freestyle. American women have had best coaching in world during last year and Chris von Saltza, who continues to improve, is steadily overtaking Fraser and Konrads, who have leveled off. She lacks Fraser's flexibility in 100 but has power, to become first American woman to win 400 since 1948.
400-METER FREESTYLE (4:44.5)	KONRADS (4:45.4) FRASER (4:45.6)	**VON SALTZA** (4:44.5) HOUSE (4:55.1)	WEISS (5:01.5) BRUNNER (5:04.3)	SCHIMMEL (4:52.4) DE NIJS (5:00.3)	SEGERSTROM, Sweden (4:57.6) RAE, Great Britain (5:01.2)	
200-METER BREASTROKE (2:50.2)	LASSIG (2:56.6)	WARNER (2:51.4) KEMPNER (2:56.6)	URSELMANN (2:50.2) GOBEL (2:50.3)	**DEN HAAN** (2:51.3)	LONSBROUGH, Great Britain (2:50.3) KILLERMAN, Hungary (2:53.0)	
100-METER BUTTERFLY (1:09.1)	FRASER (1:10.8) ANDREW (1:11.3)	**WOOD** (1:09.4) SCHULER (1:09.6)	FUHRMANN (1:11.4)	LAGERBERG (1:10.7) VOORBIJ (1:10.5)	WATT, Great Britain (1:12.3) KR. LARSSON, Sweden (1:12.4)	Other strokes. As with the men, the breaststroke crown goes to Europe, although Warner is improving faster than her rivals. Burke is a combination of power, smoothness and control, is likely to cut a full second from her new world record. Burke and Wood can score two most decisive wins in Olympics.
100-METER BACKSTROKE (1:09.2)	BECKETT (1:13.1) WILSON (1:13.9)	**BURKE** (1:09.2) HARMAR (1:11.8)	I. SCHMIDT (1:11.1) H. SCHMIDT (1:12.8)	VAN VELSEN (1:10.9) DOBBER (1:11.8)	STEWARD, Great Britain (1:11.2) VIKTROVA, U.S.S.R. (1:11.7)	

continued

SWIMMING *continued*	AUSTRALIA	U.S.A.	GERMANY	NETHERLANDS	OTHER NATIONS	
400-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	**FIRST**	SECOND			GREAT BRITAIN	Relays. A solid margin in butterfly and backstroke plus nearly equal talent in breaststroke and freestyle make U.S. a strong favorite in medley. But no one has Australia's free-style depth.
400-METER MEDLEY RELAY	SECOND	**FIRST**		THIRD	CANADA	
THREE-METER DIVE	KNIGHT	**POPE** WILLARD	**KRAMER**	LUGTHART	MacDONALD, Canada	Diving. Unfortunately for the U.S., only two entries are allowed per event. The platform is America's, while only outside threat at three meters is Los Angeles trained Irene MacDonald of Canada.
10-METER PLATFORM DIVE	KNIGHT	**POPE** IRWIN			AUSTIN, Great Britain	

BASKETBALL	U.S.A.	U.S.S.R.	BRAZIL	PUERTO RICO	FRANCE	Basketball. The U.S. squad led by Robertson and West is the finest amateur basketball team ever assembled—anywhere any time in the world. Against smaller teams the margin of victory should be positively embarrassing. The Russians are as tall and getting faster on their feet and are determined to win. But they will be lucky to come within 30 points of the U.S. Brazil has slight edge over a surprisingly tall, but still green, Puerto Rican team.

BOXING	U.S.S.R.	POLAND	GERMANY	RUMANIA	OTHER NATIONS	
FLYWEIGHT	STOLNIKOV	KUKIER	**HOMBERG**	DOBRESCU	McCLEAN, Ireland	
BANTAM	GRIGORIEV	ZAWADSKI	**RASCHER**	PUIU	MITROVAK, Yugoslavia	
FEATHER	SAFRONOV	**ADAMSKI**	KIRSCH	GHEORGHIU	LIMMONEN, Finland	
LIGHT	KOKOSHKIN	PAZDIOR	LEMPIO	MIHAILIK	**MAKI**, Finland	
LIGHT WELTER	**JENGEBARIAN**	KASPRZYK	BUSSE	MARIN	SALUDON, France	
WELTER	RADONYAK	**DROGOSZ**	GUSE	STOIAN	JOSSELIN, France	
LIGHT MIDDLE	SOBOLOV	DAMPC	CAROLI	NEASCU	**BENVENUTI**, Italy	
MIDDLE	**SHATKOV**	WALASEK	RADZIK	MONEA	JAKOVLJEVIC, Yugoslavia	
LIGHT HEAVY	LYASOTA	PIETRZKOWSKI	WILLER	NEGREA	**CLAY**, U.S.A.	
HEAVY	**ABRAMOV**	JEDRZEJESSKI	SIEGMUND	MARIUTAN	THOMAS, Great Britain	

Boxing. Russia and Poland have the more experienced boxers, but Germany is coming up fast and Rumania's team is loaded with scrappy young men. Competition should be closest in the light heavyweight division. Teen-age Cassius Clay, who has been called another Patterson, was the only American to score a knockout in the Olympic trials. The chances are he will have more trouble against the Europeans, some of whom have had as many as 200 fights.

CANOEING	HUNGARY	GERMANY	RUMANIA	U.S.S.R.	OTHER NATIONS	
K-1	**SZOLLOSI**	LANGE		SILAEV	KAPLANIAK, Poland	
K-2	SECOND	**FIRST**			POLAND	
C-1	**PARTI**	LEWE	ROTMAN	BELAEV	POLAKOVIC, Czechoslovakia	
C-2	SECOND		**FIRST**	THIRD	CZECHOSLOVAKIA	
K-1 RELAY	SECOND	**FIRST**			AUSTRALIA (3rd)	
K-1 (women)	BANFALVI	ZENZ		**KISLOVA**	WALKOWIAKOWNA, Poland	
K-2 (women)	THIRD	SECOND		**FIRST**	Poland	

Canoeing. Hungary's traditional strength in kayaks and canoes assures every member of a medal. Rumania is a water-minded nation and it will win in the canoe events. The physically powerful Russian women should easily sweep the kayak events. Russia's men have not improved, but the Germans have and should pass them.

CYCLING	GERMANY	ITALY	AUSTRALIA	NETHERLANDS	OTHER NATIONS	
1,000-M. SPRINT, IND.	KASLOWSKI	**GAIARDONI**	BAENSCH		STERCK, Belgium	
1,000-M. IND. T.T.	GIESELER	VALLOTTO	**CHAPMAN**		CLAUD, France	
2,000-M. TANDEM		THIRD	SECOND	**FIRST**		
TEAM PURSUIT	**FIRST**		SECOND	THIRD	FRANCE	
ROAD, IND.	**SCHUR**	TRAPE			VAN DEN BERGHEN, Belgium	
ROAD, TEAM	**FIRST**	SECOND			BELGIUM (3rd)	

Cycling. French and Italian cyclists are the best in the world but this year, alas, the best of the French have already turned pro, leaving the field to the Roman hosts. Belgians and Germans will probably be obstreperous guests, and Aussies have been known to be brash.

EQUESTRIAN	GERMANY	ITALY	U.S.A.	GREAT BRITAIN	OTHER NATIONS	
THREE-DAY TEAM	**FIRST**			THIRD	CANADA (2nd), SWEDEN	
THREE-DAY IND.	**KLIMKE**		PAGE	WELDON	ROYCROFT, Australia	
PRIZE OF NATIONS	SECOND	**FIRST**	THIRD		U.S.S.R.	
GRAND PRIX IND.	WINKLER	**P.D'INZEO**	STEINKRAUS	BROOME		
	THEIDEMANN	R.D'INZEO	MORRIS	SMYTHE		
	SCHRIDDE	OPES	WILEY	WOFFARD		
DRESSAGE	SPRINGER		**GALVIN**		FILATOV, U.S.S.R., ST. CYR, Sweden	

Equestrian. Germany, Sweden, Italy and England dominated the Stockholm Olympics and should again. However, the U.S., which placed high in recent European competitions, has its strongest jumping team. The Russians, never before a menace, are now to be reckoned with in both show jumping and the Grand Prix dressage. In the latter event, however, Trish Galvin should become the first U.S. dressage medal winner since 1932. The Canadians (gold medal winners in the Pan American Games) and the Australians could be the outsiders to break the Swedish, British and German dominat on in the three-day event, and the U.S.'s Michael Page on The Grasshopper is a strong contender. But as any $2 bettor knows, horses, even Olympic horses, are unreliable at best.

FENCING	**HUNGARY**	**U.S.S.R.**	**ITALY**	**FRANCE**	**OTHER NATIONS**	Fencing The graceful style of men's épée and foil fencing as exhibited by traditional fencing powers, Italy and France, has been gradually giving way to the more powerfully aggressive tactics of the Russians and Poles. While Hungary's depth of sabre talent should assure it the team gold medal, individual stars Karpati and Gerevich will find Poland's Pawlowski a formidable foe. Among the women, Sheen, the defending champion, will have a harder time with talented newcomer Ragno
FOIL	**KAMUTI**	MIDDLER	BERGAMINI	D'ORIOLA	GLOS, Poland	
FOIL TEAM	THIRD	SECOND		**FIRST**	GERMANY	
EPEE	SAKOVICS	KHABAROV	PELLEGRINO	MOUYAL	**HOSKYNS**, Great Britain	
EPEE TEAM	SECOND	THIRD	**FIRST**		GREAT BRITAIN	
SABRE	**KARPATI**	TISHLER	CALARESE	D'ORIOLA	PAWLOWSKI, Poland	
SABRE TEAM	**FIRST**	SECOND			POLAND (3rd)	
FOIL (women)	DOMOLKI	**ZABELINA**	RAGNO	DELBARRE	SHEEN, Great Britain	
FOIL TEAM	THIRD	**FIRST**	SECOND		GERMANY	
GYMNASTICS	**U.S.S.R.**	**JAPAN**	**CZECHOSLOVAKIA**	**GERMANY**	**OTHER NATIONS**	Gymnastics Here's where Russia can pile up 12 gold medals and offset the U.S.'s margin in track and field. Among the men, only Japan has the experience and talent to stop the Russians. Hundredths of a point separate Japan's Melbourne veterans Takemoto and Ono from the Russian trio of Azarian, Shakhlin and Titov. Russian women will have it harder against the eastern Europeans, who have learned well the point-gaining ballet movements
TEAM (men)	**FIRST**	SECOND		THIRD	SWITZERLAND	
INDIVIDUAL	**SHAKHLIN**			FUERST	FIVIAN, Switzerland	
FREE STANDING	KERDEMELIDI	**ONO**	STASTNY	LYHS	CERAR, Yugoslavia	
HORIZONTAL BAR	**TITOV**	TAKEMOTO		FRIEDRICH	KESTOLA, Finland	
PARALLEL BARS	**MILIGULO**	ONO		FUERST	BENKERT, Switzerland	
POMMEL HORSE	**SHAKHLIN**	ONO		FUERST	LEIMAVERTA, Finland	
LONG HORSE VAULT	**TITOV**	TAKEMOTO		BANTZ	FIVIAN, Switzerland	
RINGS	**SHAKHLIN**	MITSUKURI		KOPPE	KAPSAZOW, Bulgaria	
TEAM (women)	**FIRST**		SECOND	THIRD	POLAND	
INDIVIDUAL	**ASTAKHOVA**	IKEDA		FOST	LEUSTAN, Rumania	
FREE STANDING	**ASTAKHOVA**		BOSAKOVA		STACHOW, Poland	
BALANCE BEAM	MURATOVA		**CASLOVSKA**	SONNTAG	KOTOWNA, Poland	
UNEVEN BARS	**ASTAKHOVA**		TAKOVA		IOVAN, Rumania	
LONG-HORSE VAULT	**LATYNINA**		CASLOVSKA	SCHEINER	STACHOV, Poland	
FIELD HOCKEY	**INDIA**	PAKISTAN	GERMANY	GREAT BRITAIN	NETHERLANDS	Field hockey Evenly matched India and Pakistan play the classical game of tight pass patterns, which they execute with bewildering speed and accuracy. With just a little luck Pakistan could break India's stranglehold on the sport. Germany plays a long-driving game combined with a rough defense that has broken more than one opposing player's leg, but if Great Britain's first string can stay on its feet it may take the bronze medal
MODERN PENTATHLON	**U.S.S.R.**	**HUNGARY**	**U.S.A**	**SWEDEN**	**OTHER NATIONS**	Modern pentathlon Traditionally the Swedes win the modern pentathlon, but although their two-time Olympic gold medal winner Lars Hall has come back to try for a third, the Russians and Hungarians now are the ones to watch. Three-time World Champion Igor Novikov, a Russian schoolteacher, is one reason. And he is being pushed closely at home by young Estonian Hanno Selg, a crack shot and fast runner. Hungary's Ferenc Nemeth was the new sensation at this year's spring pentathlon in Rome, and his teammate, Andreas Balczo, was a close second to Novikov in the 1959 world championships. The spunky Finns are always tough competitors, and the U.S., although it probably won't win any of the individual events (except possibly riding), has a well balanced team which should rate high.
TEAM	**FIRST**	SECOND	THIRD		FINLAND	
INDIVIDUAL	**NOVIKOV**	NEMETH	LAMBERT	HALL	KATTER, Finland	
	SELG	BALCZO	DANIELS	ERICKSSON	KORHONEN, Finland	
	TATARINOV	NAGY	BECK	SEVEGARD	KARE, Finland	
ROWING	**GERMANY**	**ITALY**	**U.S.S.R.**	**U.S.A.**	**OTHER NATIONS**	Rowing For the first time in 40 years the U.S. may lose its gold medal in eight oars. Navy will have to pull hard to beat the German crew that has broken all European records by using shorter, spoonlike oars and "interval" training. Fast Australian and Italian crews are also tough. In smaller boats the U.S. is strong, but German and European teams are stronger. *Stuart MacKenzie, the world's best sculler,* and U.S. doubles entry of Jack Kelly and Bill Knecht must beat superb Russian rowers
SINGLE SCULLS	VON FERSEN		IVANOV	PARKER	**MacKENZIE**, Australia	
PAIRS	**FIRST**	SECOND	THIRD		AUSTRIA	
COXED PAIRS	**FIRST**	THIRD	SECOND		GREAT BRITAIN	
DOUBLE SCULLS			**FIRST**	SECOND	CZECHOSLOVAKIA (3rd)	
COXED FOURS	**FIRST**		SECOND		YUGOSLAVIA (3rd)	
FOURS	**FIRST**	SECOND			HUNGARY (3rd)	
EIGHTS	**FIRST**	THIRD		SECOND	AUSTRALIA	

continued

SHOOTING	U.S.S.R.	RUMANIA	FINLAND	U.S.A.	OTHER NATIONS
CLAY PIGEON	MOGUILEUSKI	BUMITRESCU		RIEGGER	**ROSSINI**, Italy
FREE PISTOL	UMAROV	MAGYAR	**LINNOSVUO**	LINCOLN	ULLMAN, Sweden
FREE RIFLE	BORISOV	ROTARU	YLONEN	**PUCKEL**	ZAHRINGER, Germany
SILHOUETTE	CERKASOV	**PETRESCU**	LINNOSVUO	McMILLAN	HRNCEK, Czechoslovakia
SMALL BORE 3 POSITION	**BOGDANOV**	SIRBU	YLONEN	PUCKEL	SUNDBERG, Sweden
SMALL BORE PRONE	ITKES	SIRBU	NORDQUIST	TREW	**OUELLETTE**, Canada

Shooting. Russia's sharpshooters, Bogdanov and Borisov, who have dominated international events for four years, should easily wrap up most titles for U.S.S.R., but U.S.'s Daniel Puckel has a remarkable eye and should be a dividend star. The U.S. has its strongest team since 1948. Finland and Rumania are close behind.

SOCCER	YUGOSLAVIA	BULGARIA	HUNGARY	DENMARK	PERU

Soccer. Russia's first-string soccer players were declared ineligible for amateur play. Her substitutes failed to qualify among the 16 Rome finalists, and that leaves the gold medal pretty much to Yugoslavia, which has finished second to Russia in the last three Olympics. Surprising Denmark, however, might be a spoiler.

WATER POLO	HUNGARY	U.S.S.R.	YUGOSLAVIA	RUMANIA	U.S.A.

Water polo. There is really very little difference between the big four—all exponents of the open style of play with its emphasis on offense. Hungary has depth of talent. Yugoslavia has played together the longest. Russia has tremendous swimming stamina and the Rumanians spirit. The U.S. continues to improve and might finish third. It has luck in the draw for the preliminary rounds.

WEIGHT LIFTING	U.S.S.R.	U.S.A.	POLAND	FINLAND	OTHER NATIONS
BANTAM	**ULYANOV**	VINCI	JANKOWSKI		MIYAKE, Japan
FEATHER	CHIMISHKYAN	**BERGER**	KOSLOWSKI		MANNIRONI, Italy
LIGHT	**BUSHUEV**		ZIELINSKI		ONUMA, Japan
MIDDLE	KURYNOV	**KONO**	BOCHENEK	KAILAJARVI	VERES, Hungary
LIGHT HEAVY	**PLUKFELDER**	GEORGE	PALINISKI		BAROGA, Rumania
HEAVY LIGHT	**LOMAKIN**	PULSKAMP			MARTIN, Great Britain
HEAVY	**VLASOV**	BRADFORD		MAKINEN	SELVETTI, Argentina

Weight lifting. Until two years ago a handful of hard-working American boys, who had won four of the seven gold medals at Melbourne, maintained an edge over the Russians. Only Kono appears a sure choice today. Vinci is steady and Berger has a good chance, but the lack of interest in the U.S. has taken its toll.

WRESTLING	U.S.S.R.	TURKEY	IRAN	JAPAN	OTHER NATIONS
Freestyle:	**ALIEV**	KARTAL	SEYFPOUR	MATSUBARA	
FLYWEIGHT		AKBAS		**ASAI**	JASKARI, Finland
BANTAM	SINYAVSKI	**DAGISTANLI**		SATO	
FEATHER		**SAHIN**		ABE	TOTH, Hungary
LIGHT		OGAN	**HABIBI**	KANEKO	CARLSSON, Sweden
WELTER	**TSHKIRTLADZE**	GUNGOR	SORURI	NAGAI	GARIEV, Bulgaria
MIDDLE	**KULAYEV**	ATLI	**TAKHTI**		PALM, Sweden
LIGHT HEAVY	ALBUL	**KAPLAN**			ANTONSSON, Sweden
HEAVY					
Greco-Roman:	**U.S.S.R.**	**TURKEY**	**SWEDEN**	**FINLAND**	**OTHER NATIONS**
FLYWEIGHT		BILEK	FRENNFORS		**FABRA**, Italy
BANTAM	GUREVICH	VILMAZ	VESTERBY		
FEATHER		SILLE	L. FREIJ	**MAKINEN**	POLYAK, Hungary
LIGHT		KAMBUR	G. FREIJ	**LEHTONEN**	DUMITRU, Rumania
WELTER	KARAVAEV	**BAYRAK**	NYSTROM		HORVAT, Yugoslavia

Wrestling. U.S. colleges don't use the international style where the instantaneous touch rule applies, making the Olympic team weaker than it should be. In the freestyle events the Russians are physically very strong, the Japanese agile in spinning out of compositions and the Turks and Iranians fast and merciless in their attack. The emphasis on mat strength in Greco-Roman style, which also has instantaneous touch rule but prohibits use of legs and holds below the belt. With nimbleness and versatility secondary, Japan and Iran are threats. Tough, strong and experienced Russians, Swedes, Finns and Turks know the value of intensive weight lifting discipline will dominate matches.

MIDDLE	KARTOSA	DOGAN	ISRAELSSON		DOBREV, Bulgaria	
LIGHT HEAVY	VYRUPAEV	SELEKMAN	JANSSON	LAHTI	GURICS, Hungary	
HEAVY	PARFENOV	TAN TARI	SVENSSON		DIETRICH, Germany	
YACHTING	**DENMARK**	**ITALY**	**SWEDEN**	**U.S.A.**	**OTHER NATIONS**	This is the finest U.S. Olympic yachting team, but American sailors are still not up to the Scandinavians and Europeans who have two advantages: beautifully designed boats and a steady diet of competition. Peter Barrett in a Finn, and George O'Day in Ray Hunt's 5.5-meter "Minotaur" are best U.S. bets with traditionally strong Stars weaker than in past. After 22 years of sailing, Bill Parks still hasn't beaten Bahama's Durward Knowles or Italy's Agostino Straulino.
5.5-METER	BERNTSEN	REGGIO	SJOSTEN	O'DAY	LEBRUN, France	
DRAGON	BIRCH	COSENTINO	PALMQUIST	WALET	CHRISTENSEN, Norway	
STAR		STRAULINO	CARLSSON	PARKS	QUINA, Portugal	
DUTCHMAN	FOGH	CAPIO	VINGE	SINDLE	VERHAGEN, Holland	
FINN	ELVSTROM	PELASCHIAR	ANDERSSON	BARRETT	NELIS, Belgium	

1960's PROBABLE WINNERS

7,500 athletes from 87 of 98 eligible nations will win 150 gold medals, 150 silver and 160 bronze. Below is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's estimate of the final standings, with the 10 strongest nations printed in boldface type.

NATION	G	S	B	NATION	G	S	B	NATION	G	S	B	NATION	G	S	B
AFGHANISTAN				FIJI ISLANDS				LIBERIA				SAN MARINO			
ARGENTINA		1		**FINLAND**	4	2	6	LIECHTENSTEIN				SINGAPORE			
AUSTRALIA	11	9	5	FRANCE	1	4	2	LUXEMBOURG				SOMALIA			
AUSTRIA				**GERMANY**	16	11	21	MALAYA				SOUTH AFRICA	1	2	
BAHAMAS			1	GHANA				MALTA				SOUTH KOREA			
BELGIUM		1	2	GREAT BRITAIN	1	5	6	MEXICO			2	SPAIN			
BERMUDA				GREECE				MONACO				SUDAN			
BRAZIL			1	GUATEMALA				MOROCCO				SURINAM			
BRITISH GUIANA				HONDURAS				NETHERLANDS	2	3	6	SWEDEN		3	9
BRITISH WEST INDIES	1		1	HONG KONG				NEW ZEALAND	2		1	SWITZERLAND			1
BULGARIA		2	1	**HUNGARY**	6	9	11	NIGERIA				THAILAND			
BURMA				ICELAND				NORTH BORNEO				TUNISIA			
CANADA	1	2	2	INDIA	1			NORWAY			1	**TURKEY**	4	4	5
CEYLON				INDONESIA				PAKISTAN		1		UGANDA			
CHILE				IRAN	1	1	1	PANAMA				**U.S.S.R.**	43	36	19
CHINA (NATIONALIST)			1	IRAQ				PERU				UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC			
COLOMBIA				IRELAND			3	PHILIPPINES				**U.S.A.**	32	24	19
CUBA				ISRAEL				**POLAND**	5	7	5	URUGUAY			
CZECHOSLOVAKIA	1	3	4	**ITALY**	8	6	8	PORTUGAL		1		VENEZUELA			
DENMARK	3			JAPAN	2	7	5	PUERTO RICO				VIETNAM			
DUTCH WEST INDIES				KENYA				RHODESIA				YUGOSLAVIA	1		4
ETHIOPIA				LEBANON				**RUMANIA**	3	6	7				

G gold; S silver; B bronze

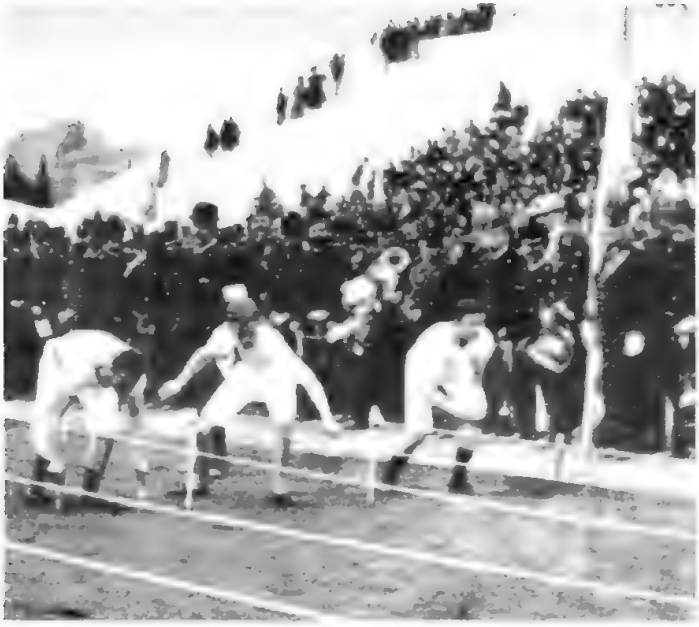
OLYMPIC CAVALCADE

IT IS now 64 years since the mustachioed idealist Baron Pierre de Coubertin went to Athens to realize a passionate ambition—the revival of the Olympic Games. There have been 13 Olympics since, and each has left a legacy of unforgotten moments and splendid heroes: Dorando Pietri staggering to a disqualification in 1908; Aileen Riggin, at 12, winning the dive in Antwerp; Jim Thorpe, who astonished the Swedes with his athletic feats by day and his revelry by night; the taciturn little Finn, Paavo Nurmi, who won seven long-distance championships; Jesse Owens, whose four gold medals in Berlin brought a scowl to the face of Adolf Hitler; and Emil Zatopek who, lacking natural speed, became by will the most marvelous of modern long-distance runners. On these pages, they live once more in memory.

1896 Tom Burke (*second from left*) won 100-meter dash and 400-meter run for U.S. in first modern

1900 Ray Ewry of U.S. triumphed in the standing high jump in Paris.

1908 Capri Candymaker Dorando Pietri (*above*) created deathless controversy in marathon. Entering London stadium, Pietri turned



Olympics in Athens. Princetonians Albert Tyler (2nd, pole vault), Francis Lane, (5th, 100-meter), Herbert Jamison (2nd, 400 meter), Robert Garrett (1st, shotput, discus; 2nd, broad jump; 3rd, high jump) further helped small U.S. band dominate Games

wrong way, collapsed (*above right*). Muddled officials helped him up, turned him around. Pietri was finally assisted across finish but disqualified, and Johnny Hayes, a New York department store clerk who finished second, was declared the winner.

CONTINUED

1912 Prodigious Jim Thorpe won gold medals in decathlon and pentathlon at Stockholm but, accused of professionalism, was forced to return them.

1924 Johnny Weissmuller *(right, with Andrew Charlton,*

1920 Charles Paddock wins 100-meter at Antwerp clearing honors with *right*. Dick Landon 1st, high jump; Aaron Riggin, age 12 1st, springboard

diving; Joe Pearman 2nd, 10,000-meter walk; Mose Devaney 5th, steeplechase.

CONTINUED

Australia, who later swung to movie height as Tarzan, won three gold medals in Paris. Finland's Paavo Nurmi won an unprecedented four distance races, and, at tennis bowed out of the Games, Helen Wills and Vinnie Richards took singles titles

1928 Lord David Burghley *(left)*, sixth Marquess of Exeter, was surprising victor in 400 meter hurdles in Amsterdam. He later organized the 1948 Games as head of the British Olympic Association, became Governor of Bermuda

1932 Against a bristling backdrop of oil derricks at Long Beach, Calif., Germany (*left*) defeated Italy in four-oared shells with cox for gold medal. Meanwhile, in the Los Angeles Coliseum, Mildred (Babe) Didrikson (*right*), then just 18, won 80-meter hurdles and javelin throw, finished second in the high jump.

1936 Jesse Owens, member of Nazi-designated "black auxiliaries," broke world records in the broad jump (*below*), 200-meter dash in Berlin, won 100-meter dash and (*right, handing off to Ralph Metcalfe*) was on winning relay team.

1948 Fanny Blankers-Koen of Holland won three London races.

1952 Czechoslovakia's Emil Zatopek, triumphant in 5,000-, 10,000-meter in Helsinki, ran marathon for first time, won, found it "very boring."

OLYMPIC CITY'S OLYMPIAN FOOD

Roman restaurants, among the world's best, offer a fortnight of festive eating to visitors at the Games. Here is an expert's guide

by SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

PITY the poor athlete in Rome! He must stick to his monotonous diet, be it red meat or nuts and dry cereal, while those who came to watch him may freely enjoy some of the most delicious food in Europe. The choice of dishes they will find is wide and delectable. No less inviting is the wide and many-sided choice of eating places in the Olympic city, among which, after much thought not only about their menus but also with an eye to variety, we have selected enough for two weeks of gastronomic pleasure.

THE BIG NIGHT OUT: At the smartest restaurant in Rome, the HOSTARIA DELL'ORSO (Inn of the Bear, tel. 564.250), you need count on only $7.50 per head for dinner, including service and carafe wine—and this is as high as you will ever have to go, for Roman restaurants are pleasantly inexpensive. This is the place for your big night out. The lights and the music are low, the carpets are thick and the Renaissance furnishings are infinitely restful. The menu at the Hostaria dell'Orso is one of the most comprehensive and erudite in Rome, for the old hostelry has a prodigious history, dating back to the 12th century. Dante and St. Francis were early guests. They were followed later by such customers as Rabelais, Montaigne and Goethe, and down through the years this has continued to be a meeting place of Rome's food-conscious patricians.

The Inn of the Bear is best reached by cab (and call for another cab before you leave). Reserve your table well in advance—Fernando Minelli is the headwaiter—and prepare for an evening you will never forget.

MODERN AND INVITING: On an avenue leading across the Tiber toward St. Peter's is the broad, sheltered sidewalk terrace of the RISTORANTE PASSETTO (tel. 650.569), a fashionable restaurant that takes pride in being new, modern and *mondain*. The cool interior is fitted with inviting banquettes, the lights are merciful, the ceilings high, the hangings soft and luxurious. Whether you dine inside or on the terrace, don't fail to inspect the towering panorama of fine foods for which Passetto is famous—an immense still life of fruit, vegetables, hors d'oeuvres, fish, shellfish, meat, poultry, game, cheese, and heaven knows what else, the very sight of which serves as an appetizer. The antipasto chariot is laden with delectable things, perhaps the best selection in Rome.

Passetto offers a brilliant menu (in English, if you wish), filled with the aristocracy of Roman dishes, and an excellent wine list. It is a good place to try Rome's famous baby lamb, *abbacchio al forno*, or chicken *alla diavola* or a roast pheasant with orange sauce. The prices are above the norm, but very fair, roughly $5. The directors—and, of course, the maître d'hôtel, Antonio Di Giammarco—speak English.

DIGNITY AND CRÊPES SUISSES: On a side street—Via Mario de' Fiori—near the Piazza di Spagna, the quiet, dignified RISTORANTE RANIERI (tel. 671.592) has been favored by Roman epicures for decades. Giuseppe

Ranieri, a chef to royalty, founded it more than a century ago, and royal visitors have long signed its guest book and enjoyed the impeccable cuisine prepared by the great Giuseppe and his direct descendants. The atmosphere in these faded rooms with their velvet banquettes is definitely old world, with aging waiters, rare old Burgundies and crystal chandeliers. If you ask for the proprietor, this charming gentleman of the old school will help you select his choicest dishes and appropriate wines. There is also a translated menu, and Nello Morandi, the headwaiter, is fluent in English. Prices range from $3 to $4, including carafe wine and service. I recommend *crêpe suisse* for the beginning of your meal, a thin pancake rolled around a symphony of cheeses and browned in the oven. Most of the great specialties of Italy are found at Ranieri's, prepared by one of Rome's best chefs.

GRILLED SHRIMP WITH A VIEW: The neoclassic CASINA VALADIER (tel. 673.469), perched high in the Pincio Gardens, is a summer favorite with Roman society. Here you dine in the open air, with a magnificent view crowned by the dome of St. Peter's. The handsome building was designed by the architect Joseph Valadier as a residence for Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, but he never occupied it and it was eventually transformed into a restaurant-in-the-park. For all its view and distinction, the Casina Valadier charges only a trifle more than comparable restaurants in more crowded parts of Rome—a good average would be $5 per person, carafe wine and service included—and the waiters, as well as the headwaiter, Romolo Pampecra, all speak English. Among the favorite dishes are *risotto alla certosina* (rice with shrimps) and *spiedino di scampi* (grilled shrimp on a skewer).

THE KING OF BUTTERED NOODLES: There are three Alfredos in Rome, each dedicated to that culinary hat trick known as *fettuccine*—buttered broad noodles. The original Alfredo, after long flourishing a golden fork and spoon presented to him by two of his many admirers, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, sold his business to one of his waiters and retired, but subsequently opened an imposing establishment, ALFREDO ALL'AUGUSTEO (tel. 681.672), on the Piazza Augusto Imperatore. (The menu carries across its cover the proud claim, in English: "The Real King of Fettuccine.") Alfredo himself, alas, has departed this world, but he left his fork and spoon to a capable successor who, like him, has a curly mustache, a charming smile and a grandiloquent manner as he twirls his beautiful hot *fettuccine* in butter and powdered cheese. Built on vast proportions, with high ceilings and bright lights, Alfredo all'Augusteo will probably be the most popular of Roman restaurants during the Olympics, particularly among the Americans. The outdoor terraces, one on the street, one facing the inner court, are cool and inviting. There are musicians, of course, and a candid photographer to commemorate the memory of your *fettuccine*. The headwaiter is Pietro Di Napoli, and the waiters speak English, many of them Broadwayese. You can't go wrong with any of Alfredo's specialties, and a good dinner, with wine, will average $5.

A SETTING FOR GOURMETS: RISTORANTE FAGIANO (The Pheasant) (tel. 672.010) is most attractive in summer, when its tall outdoor arcade is filled with well-fed Romans and well-informed gourmets from overseas. The restaurant faces a square where, at night, the great marble column built to honor the Emperor Marcus Aurelius looms bright in the darkness. Set on the Piazza Colonna in the busy heart of Rome, the Fagiano is a conventional, old-fashioned dining place, reminiscent of the Gay Nineties. The prices are very fair ($3 to $5), the proprietors and the director, Sabatino Di Giacinto, speak English, and there is a genial little tavern downstairs for those who like

continued

to linger longer and enjoy the music. THREE STEPS TO TRANQUILLITY: On the beautiful Piazza Navona, where Bernini's boisterous baroque fountains splash with endless abandon, the Restaurant of the Three Steps, or TRE SCALINI (tel. 561.312), is situated just out of reach of the central fountain's spray. It is a most romantic spot on a summer evening. The tranquillity is conducive to a fine, contemplative dinner. Among the noble dishes are three top specialties that are always ready: *cannelloni tre scalini*, with a magnificent sauce; *bauletto con funghi*, a spicy veal bird with mushrooms; and *gelato tartufo*, a rich chocolate dessert. You might end up your dinner, which will cost between $3 and $4.50, with *fragole* (strawberries) and cream, *caffè espresso* and a tiny glass of Aurum, a joyous, orange-scented liqueur.

THREE CENTURIES WITH MUSIC: At the RISTORANTE LA CISTERNA (tel. 582.543), on a side street across the Tiber, the waiters wear medieval costumes, the walls are covered with hilarious murals misrepresenting Roman history and the several dining halls reverberate to the rhythm of a string quartet and the throaty wail of a tenor. La Cisterna, founded more than three centuries ago, is the most picturesque, the noisiest and the liveliest of Trastevere restaurants, and provides an amusing evening—count on about $4 for a gay repast—with music and song, wine and laughter, and good food as well. Gianni Dalino is the headwaiter, and the *scampi e calamari fritti* are particularly good.

COOL IN A VAULT: The sheltered terrace of RISTORANTE DA PANCRAZIO (tel. 561.246), on a little piazza near the Farnese Palace, is not unusual, but once inside you catch unmistakable glimpses of antiquity. For this restaurant is built on the foundations of the Teatro di Pompeo, a marble amphitheater long since disappeared. Here the subterranean vaults of ancient Rome have been converted into a cool summer dining place, and the proprietor of Da Pancrazio, a cheerful, plump man named Pietro Macchioni, will, if you are interested, take you into the vaults, unchanged for two milleniums. There you may lunch or dine (for about $3.50 to $4) on food well above the average, surrounded by Roman oil jugs and fragments of sculpture and marble columns.

ACROSS THE TIBER: In Rome a *trattoria* is supposed to be a more modest dining place than a *ristorante*, but there are exceptions, and CARLO (tel. 580.244), which calls itself *la tipica trattoria*, is one of them. Located on a wide street just across the Tiber, Carlo's is quiet and dignified, the cooking is good, and an ambitious menu—the seafood is superlative—is filled with good things at reasonable prices—around $2 or $3 for a meal, including wine and service.

URBANE AND UNHURRIED: One reason why you may like AL CHIANTI (tel. 861.083), a topnotch *trattoria* in a cheerful setting near the Porta Pia, is that it is not a tourist place at all. The guests are mostly urbane, well-dressed, unhurried Romans; the proprietors, Ernesto and Mario (who speak English), take exceedingly good care of them, and the surroundings are gay, colorful and informal, with bright Gauguinesque paintings everywhere. The prices run to around $2.50 with service and a flagon of red or white wine, and Tuscan dishes are the favorites.

FOR MEN OF LETTERS: Situated across the Tiber and just inside the Roman walls, ROMOLO (tel. 588.284) is a natural favorite with Roman celebrities and men of letters. The atmosphere is a delightful blend of ancient architecture and modern painting. The cooking is pure Roman, with such old favorites as *saltimbocca alla romana*, roasted giant mushrooms, and grilled Tuscan steaks, for around $3. You may need the help of a taxi driver to find this venerable *trattoria*. Romolo, or his son, will greet you at the door.

ON THE PIAZZA SANTA MARIA: In terms of setting alone, GALEASSI (tel. 503.775) is the most fortunate of *trattorie*. Its broad, awning-shaded terrace is set on one of the loveliest of Roman squares, with an illuminated fountain bubbling in the middle and the polychromatic façade of the Church of Santa Maria looming in one corner. The wine list is exceptionally good, the service attentive, and prices, ranging from $2.75 to $3.50, are reasonable. There is an English version of the menu.

ON YOUR OWN: It is otherwise at DA GIGGETTO (tel. 561.105), where the menu is in Italian only. Here you are part of the Roman street scene. At the end of a thickly populated street —Via del Portico d'Ottavia—you come to an ancient Roman archway, preceded by the crumbling stumps of marble columns. The sidewalk tables of the *trattoria* Da Giggetto are placed in this open-air setting, with an aisle left between them for strolling musicians, pedestrians, dancing children and lean, darting cats. It is pure picture-book Rome, discovered by relatively few tourists. The dishes are good Roman, the wines are reliable and the price should average about $2.25. You will like the spaghetti specialty, called *tonnarelli alla zingara*, in the company of a good bottle of Valpolicella, and if you want a whole chicken cooked *alla diavola* or a fillet of beef grilled over charcoal, Da Giggetto is eager to comply—provided you can make your wants known, for the staff doesn't dabble in English. You are on your own here, and your evening will be a highlight of your stay in Rome. In case you should wish to consult the headwaiter, his name is Olindo Cicala, but he doesn't speak English, either. As we said, you're on your own. **END**

BEST BAZAAR IN EUROPE: ROME

Begin on the Via Condotti, hard by the Spanish Steps, but don't miss the byways and flea market on your Roman shopping spree

by FRED R. SMITH

LONDON is a man's town for shopping, Paris is for women and Rome is for both, the best bazaar in Europe. The heart of Rome's bazaar is the Via Condotti, four short blocks that extend from the Piazza di Spagna to the Via del Corso, displaying in beautifully appealing windows the fine Italian hand at work: jewelry at Bulgari, more fabulous than Cartier; sweaters and sport shirts, ties and robes and gloves at such renowned haberdasheries as Cucci and Battistoni; silks on every side, among the world's best; china and antiques; leather goods at Gucci crafted with a saddlemaker's art.

The shops of the Via Condotti, and of the busy areas near it, reaching from the Spanish Steps to the Via Sistina and the Via Veneto, are filled with the best that Italy has to offer. During the Olympics they will suspend the siesta custom (closed doors from one until 4 p.m.) and stay open from 8 in the morning till 9 at night. Any visitor should do as the Romans do and shop these districts. But to get the most out of a Roman shopping spree, and the most out of Rome, he should get off the main thoroughfares as well.

A good start in this direction is a visit to the Porta Portese, Rome's flea market, on a Sunday morning from 9 to noon. Here spread out on the ground is a fascinating mixture of junk and antique *bibelots*—it will help to have a canny Italian-speaking friend at hand. Frequently items seen here on Sunday turn up on Monday in the Via dei Coronari, an ancient street of antique shops, also worth a visit, and the Via del Babuino, a step up on the antiquarian's scale and well inside the realm of collector's-item objects and prices.

Near the Via del Babuino is the Via Margutta, a narrow street which has for 300 years been the center of Rome's art colony. It is a bustlingly busy thoroughfare these days, with Rome enjoying a renaissance as one of Europe's leading modern art centers. During the Olympics artists with studios in the vicinity will have an outdoor art show, filled with good and bad. While in this street, drop in at No. 88, for here is one of the new finds of Rome, an art gallery and gift shop run by Charles Moses of Cincinnati. The art seeker in Rome—prices are below Paris and London—should also see L'Obelisco, whose owner, Gaspero del Corso, has been a power behind the Roman modern art renaissance. In search of old prints—Piranesis, Rossinis and the like—one should visit Nardecchia's wonderfully stocked shop in the Piazza Navona, opposite Bernini's Fountain of the Rivers.

A custom-made suit is one of the best buys a man can get in Rome. If you go to one of the established Roman tailors—Caraceni, Cifonelli, Ciro or Brioni—you will get a suit the equal of anything that Savile Row has to offer, for less money, and cut to Savile Row styles rather than Italian ones, if requested. At Brioni, Via Barberini 79, for instance, a suit of fine English flannel or Italian silk is about $140. Ordinarily it takes about a week from start to finish, with three fittings, but during the Olympic crush, the traveler will be wise to allow all the time available; selection of fabric and model should be a first-day-in-Rome project.

For women, the boutique sportswear items for which Italy is famous are at their best at Simonetta, Via Gregoriana 5a., where you can get a dress for under $60; at Pucci, Via Campania 59, famous for pants, shirts and bikinis; and at Galitzine, Via Veneto 155, where you find the tunics over pants which are a new Roman caprice. **END**

AT NARDECCHIA'S, in the Piazza Navona, Mrs. Jean Claude Abreu leafs through part of the shop's fine old-print collection.

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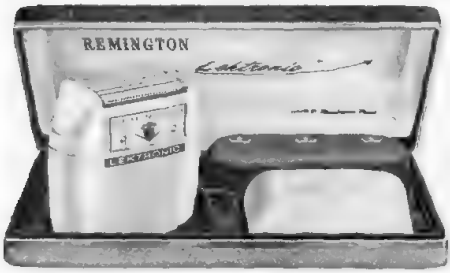

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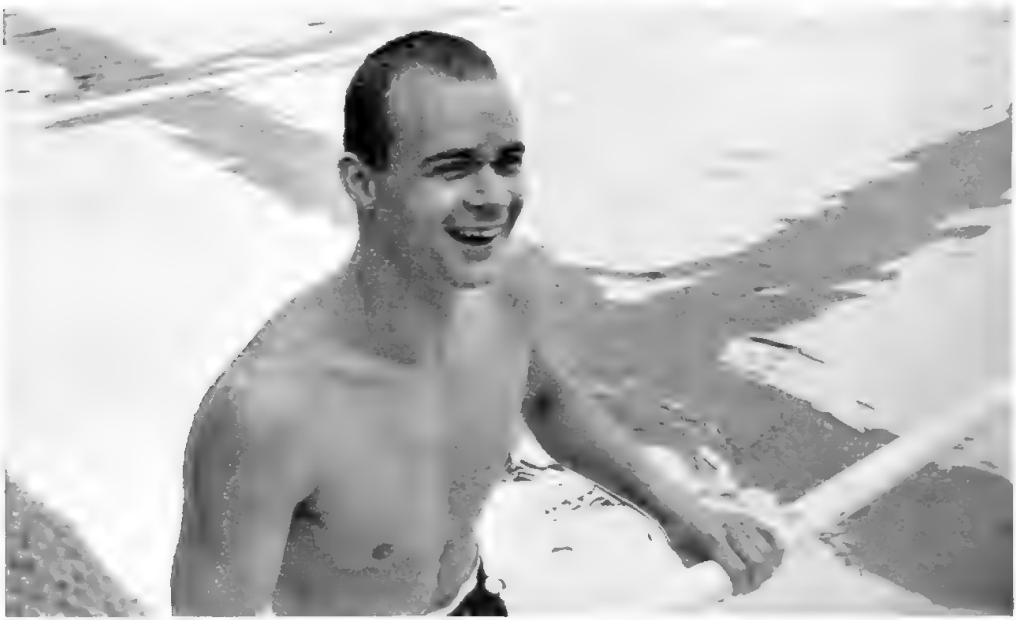
FOUR LONG DAYS IN PRESSURE CITY

Not even appendicitis could stop the determined young swimmers who made the 1960 U. S. Olympic team

by ARLIE W. SCHARDT

NAME AFTER NAME was hammered up on the big white board listing the names of those who made the U.S. Olympic swimming team as last week's trials progressed. During four days 40,000 people filed in and out of Detroit's Brennan Pools watching—and waiting. Through dozens of outstanding performances which proved that the U.S. has not only returned as a world swimming power but also has greater championship depth than any nation in the world, Australia included, the crowd looked for one man and one moment: Jeff Farrell and the race that would make him a member of the team. The fastest freestyle sprinter in the world, a "shoo-in to win at Rome" (as his coach Bob Kiphuth put it), Farrell, in a stunning reversal, had been put into the hospital by an emergency appendectomy six days before. Now, unbelievably, he was back—and swimming.

By Friday, the last night of the four-day competition, he had swum five races—without making the squad. Now he had reached the finals of the 200-meter freestyle, his last chance. An hour before the race, Farrell, who remained gracious and uncomplaining throughout his ordeal, smiled thinly when a friend asked him if a good joke might help to relax him. "Right now," he replied, "there are only two things I don't like: laughing and sneezing. Those are the two things that hurt my stomach." Gently he patted his tightly taped abdomen and added, "I won't be giving anybody any handicap tonight." When the eight finalists for the men's 200-meter freestyle filed through the white picket gate and onto the starting deck cries of "Come on, Jeff" filled the dark night air. While his rivals relaxed during the prerace announcements, Farrell curled his toes tightly around the edge of the brown cord mat that covered the starting block and stood motionless, a tall, thin figure staring into the shimmering, brightly illuminated green water. When the gun sounded he got off to his best start of the week (earlier, instead of using a flat racing dive he had plunged gently and deeply into



GRINNING JEFF FARRELL, WEARING BANDAGE ACROSS ABDOMEN, MADE TEAM DESPITE APPENDECTOMY SIX DAYS BEFORE TRIALS

the pool so as not to aggravate the healing incision). He settled back into the pack, picked up precious feet at each turn by throwing himself into a knot-tight somersault, and in the last 20 meters found, somewhere, the energy to lift himself high enough in the foaming water to drive into the light blue finish wall in fourth place, good enough for a spot on the U.S. Olympic relay team.

The crowd had seen what they had waited to see, and Farrell got a standing ovation. His performance climaxed a night already made notable by three young ladies from the Santa Clara Swim Club, whose coach, a handsome, youthful looking 36-year-old named George Haines, is also coach of the U.S. women's team. Chris von Saltza, whose astounding improvement this summer has the Australians rushing to re-evaluate their gold medal count, reached the high point of her career by powering to a world record of 4:45.5 in the 400-meter freestyle. Haines was so excited when he saw her time as she passed the 300-meter mark that he bolted from his seat, raced down the side of the pool screaming "Go, Chris, go!", and almost fell in as he rounded the corner of the pool to congratulate her. As she climbed from the pool, her blue racing suit glistening in the staccato flash of a dozen cameras, the poised, 16-year-old blonde laughed and said, "Wait'll Ilsa Konrads hears *this*." Her new record time is so fast that it would have won the men's national title only seven years ago.

An hour after Von Saltza's race another Haines pupil, Lynn Burke, 17, smashed the world backstroke record for the third time in two weeks. Fifteen-year-old Ann Warner, who completes the Santa Clara trio, won both the 100- and 200-meter breaststroke races at the trials.

The girls from Santa Clara are close in friendship as well as in performance. All three have spent this year living at the Von Saltza home in Saratoga, Calif. in order to train under Haines twice a day.

The pressure on the swimmers in these trials was particularly intense because only two swimmers could qualify in each event, except for the relays. This limitation was established by the international committee which governs swimming, and it passed primarily because most countries, foreseeing America's quality in numbers, wanted to minimize this potential U.S. advantage. That they anticipated correctly was amply demonstrated in the men's 400-meter freestyle where all eight finalists qualified in less than 4 minutes and 30 seconds, a time bettered by only one swimmer in Olympic history—Australia's Murray Rose in 1956.

Thus it was that tension was so great at Brennan Pools last week that the athletes renamed the vast, three-pool layout Pressure City. Mike Troy, world-record holder in the butterfly, sat at poolside before his race with his hands squeezed so tightly that his fingers turned purple. But he went out and broke his own record, then exclaimed, "Boy, was I scared. I don't think the Olympics could scare me half as much. I never want to go through that again."

"Relief, relief," smiled George Breen, a repeater from the 1956 team who had been unable to sleep at all the night before he finished second in the 1,500-meter freestyle.

Two handsome Californians, one male, one female, both world-record holders, had to overcome an especially frustrating obstacle. George Harrison, 21, and Donna de Varona, 13, excel in the individual medley, that odd race which embraces four strokes in one event. But the medley is not on the Olympic schedule, so each had to find another race in which to qualify. Each did so, on the very last night in the final relay trials—but not before enduring the agony of just missing in their respective 100- and 400-meter freestyle divisions.

Platinum-haired Lance Larson of Los Angeles, a relentless competitor who emerged as America's new hope in the men's 100-meter freestyle, was as concerned over missing in the butterfly as he was elated at winning the 100. Another white-haired Angeleno, 14-year-old Carolyn House, leaped out of the water like a hooked trout after finishing second in the 400. "I just *had* to go faster because I wanted to make it so much," she exclaimed.

The determination of competitors like these, the guts of men like Farrell and the quiet confidence of champions like double winner Alan Somers (400 and 1,500 freestyle) and Backstrokers Bob Bennett and Frank McKinney (SI, July 18) are what make the survivors of Pressure City the strongest Olympic swimming team the U.S. ever produced. **END**

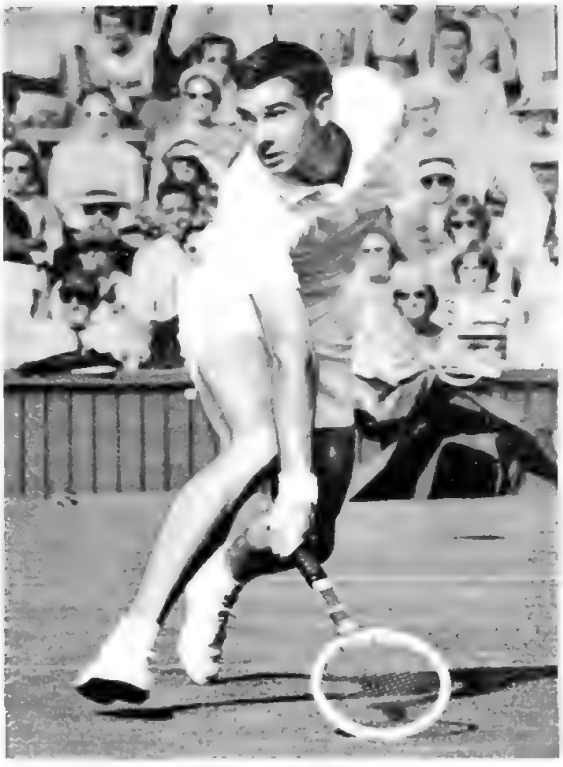
P.J.'S THIRD OLYMPIC TRIP

Boundless relief is reflected in the smile of Paula Jean Myers Pope, 25, moments after she won the three-meter diving competition at the Olympic trials. After knifing cleanly into the water on her 10th and last dive, "P.J.," who will be making her third Olympic trip, burst high above the surface as she came up and, knowing she had won, called happily, "Where's my husband?" He appeared in time to collect one quick, damp kiss before his recent bride borrowed a dime and danced away. "I gotta call Mom," she laughed. Two days later Mrs. Pope won the 10-meter platform dive as well and was joined by Mrs. Juno Stover Irwin, 31-year-old mother of four children and the first person ever to make four U.S. Olympic swimming teams. Also on the women's diving squad is 19-year-old Patsy Willard (SI, July 25), who qualified just five weeks after a diving mishap left her with a head wound requiring 57 stitches.

CLOSE SHAVE FOR THE U.S.

A revolt-minded Mexican Davis Cup team, starting fast and finishing strong, came perilously close to upsetting its Yanqui masters

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON



RISING STAR EARL BUCHHOLZ IS BECOMING FINEST AMATEUR IN U.S.

THE setting was genteel, but for a while last week at Mexico City's brick-red Chapultepec Sports Club the 4,000 feverish partisans crowding the awning-covered stands had heady visions of reliving the revolutionary days of a quarter of a century ago when Mexico threw off the *Yanqui* yoke.

It had been predicted, with some real justification, that the Mexican Davis Cup team would win for the first time over its neighbors from the U.S. After young Rafael Osuna, the remarkable University of Southern California sophomore who burst upon the world with his doubles victory at Wimbledon, upset the enigmatic Barry MacKay in the opening singles, it seemed likely that the moment of deliverance was at hand.

But such was not to be. The pride of St. Louis, Earl Buchholz, who at 19 is fast developing into the finest amateur tennis player in the U.S., blunted the uprising in the second singles, beating Mario Llamas in four sets. Then, on Sunday, Buchholz and Chuck McKinley, his teen-age fellow St. Louisian, forced a retreat as they took the doubles. On Monday, in a wonderfully exciting match that had the crowd shouting "Mario, Mario, Mario!" in great thunderous waves reminiscent of a bull fight, MacKay regained the touch that had deserted him two days earlier and crushed the revolt, outlasting a gritty and determined Llamas 6–2, 6–4, 1–6, 12–10.

The American victory was far closer than its 3–1 edge would indicate. At the end Llamas was still fresh and determined. MacKay, on the other hand, was white with exhaustion, caused partly by Mexico City's high altitude. It seemed almost certain to those watching that if the match had been carried to a fifth set, Llamas would have won. This would have left the fate of the matches up to Osuna and Buchholz, and there too the U.S. was in very bad shape. In the doubles the day before, Buchholz had fallen hard. That night doctors discovered he had burst a blood vessel in his leg. Captain Dave Freed was determined to play Buchholz anyway, but nobody at Chapultepec was more pleased than he that Buchholz was not forced to test the leg against the speedy Osuna.

Buchholz plays what has come to be known, for lack of a better description, as the big game, and it was upon his style of play rather than his condition that Freed was depending. Before the matches began on Saturday, he told reporters, "We're going to have to depend on the big game to beat these fellows. That's the only thing they don't have—and we do. That's why we've decided to use Buchholz in the second and fifth matches, instead of Tut Bartzen, even though Tut is our clay champion. We'll have Barry's big game against Osuna, and Butch's against Llamas."

On a very fast surface, such as boards, grass or Mexico's clay, a good big game is hard to overcome. The Mexican team, if not their followers, were more or less resigned to seeing MacKay's mighty service whistle past young Osuna, but they were hopeful that Llamas, a leading Mexican player for 11 years, would prove

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AMES — Younker's
BETTENDORF — Younker's
BURLINGTON — Pepe Peterson Clo Co., Inc
CARROLL — Balk's Men's Shop
CEDAR FALLS — Fenner's Men's Wear
CEDAR RAPIDS — Armstrong's
CEDAR RAPIDS — O'Meara Clo Co
DAVENPORT — M. L. Parker Co
DAVENPORT — Simon & Landauer
DES MOINES — Plaza Ave Clo
DES MOINES — Younker's
FT DODGE — Gate's
FT DODGE — Walford's variety Store
FT MADISON — Youe's
HAMPTON — Mullaney's
INDEPENDENCE — Leo O'Brien
IOWA CITY — The Hub Shop
IOWA CITY — Younker's
KEOKUK — Johnson & Schmidt
MARSHALLTOWN — St Clair Treger
MASON CITY — Gildner's
MUSCATINE — Gardners
MUSCATINE — Stemmans
OELWEIN — Richter's
OTTUMWA — Cramb Hosiery
PERRY — Gardner's Clo
SHENANDOAH — Johnson Clo Co
SIOUX CITY — Younker's
SPENCER — Murphy's
STORM LAKE — Swanson Co Co
ST ANN LAKE — Torney Clo Co
WATERLOO — Black's
WATERLOO — Dotson's
WATERLOO — Doerfler's
WATERLOO — Enderton's
WATERLOO — Gardners

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE — Kaufman's
LOUISVILLE — Levy Bros

LOUISIANA

ABBEVILLE — D & D Men's & Boys' Store
ALEXANDRIA — Weiss & Geissler Inc
ANITE — Stern Co Ltd Men's Dept
BASTROP — Hayne's
BATON ROUGE — Rosenfield House of Fashion
FRANKLINTON — H H Simmons & Son
HOUMA — Houma Clothing
KENTWOOD — Simmons'
LAFAYETTE — Preston & Wallace Inc
LAFAYETTE — J. Center Men's Wear
METAIRIE — Arnold's
MONROE — The Toggery
NEW ORLEANS — Marsh Blanche
NEW ORLEANS — Lubin Bros
NEW ORLEANS — Porter's
NEW ORLEANS — Rubenstein Bros
PLAQUEMINE — Lewis & Co
SHREVEPORT — Sidler Bros

MICHIGAN

ACME — Jim Greene's Men's Wear
ALBION — The Grange Store
ALPENA — Kerr's Men's Store
ANN ARBOR — Ann Arbor Clo Co
BAY CITY — May Clothing Co
BIRMINGHAM — Jacobson's
BIRMINGHAM — Pembelton Place Shop
BIRMINGHAM — Richard Towers Shop
CADILLAC — Beckham Toggery
DEARBORN — Burroughs Pendleton Shop
DEARBORN — Royal Clothes
DEARBORN — Tom's Clothes
DETROIT — The Fashion Shop
DETROIT — Hammers
DETROIT — Jacob Bros Stores
DETROIT — C Briggs Mens Apparel
DETROIT — Thom Formal Shop
DETROIT — A. Kaufman Bros
DETROIT — Kiefer Clothes
DETROIT — Kiefer Clothes
DETROIT — Kiefer Clothes
DETROIT — Van Hoff Co
DETROIT — Wilkinson & Men Fer Men
DETROIT — Wolfe's Pendleton Shop
EAST LANSING — Tom Thomas Specialty Shop
FLINT — Abbey's
FLINT — A. M. Dawson Co
FLINT — Fred Cody Co
FLINT — Robinson's
GRAND RAPIDS — George Boyd's Men's Store
GRAND RAPIDS — Hyman Brothers
GRAND RAPIDS — Stephens & Conklin
GRAND RAPIDS — Nemeyer's
GRAND RAPIDS — Steketee's
HOLLAND — Jacob's Co
HOWELL — Mullenkamp's Men's Shop
IRONWOOD — Harrington's
JACKSON — Oppenheim's
KALAMAZOO — The H. Fried Co
KINGSLEY — Pratt Men's Wear
KALAMAZOO — Ben Mobley Inc
LANSING — The Men's Store
LANSING — W. Knuth
LINCOLN PARK — Peoples Men's Wear
MT CLEMENS — Bloom's
MT CLEMENS — H. J. Walitzer & Son
MUSKEGON — Handy Herpolsheimer's
MUSKEGON — Harold's Men's Wear
MUSKEGON HEIGHTS — Frank Lockape
PONTIAC — Stein Inc
PONTIAC — Mehaffy's
PONTIAC — R & M Dept Store
PORT HURON — George Innes Men's Wear
MT. PLEASANT — Ken's Men's Shop
ROSEVILLE — Leed's Men's Wear
ROYAL OAK — Van Horn Men's Wear
ROYAL OAK — Public Store For Men

MICHIGAN (Continued)

SAGINAW — Edward's Men's Wear
SAGINAW — Seeber Bau
SAGINAW — Morley Bros
SAGINAW — Weinbaum's
WYANDOTTE — Brehm's Men's Wear
YPSILANTI — Men-o-mans

MINNESOTA

ALBERT LEA — Gildner's Logan
AUSTIN — Gildner's
AUSTIN — Younker's
BRAINERD — John M. Bye Clo Co
FERGUS FALLS — Gust Swanberg
HOPKINS — Nystrom's Men's Shop
MINNEAPOLIS — L. S. Donaldson Co
MINNEAPOLIS — S & L Store
PRESTONE — Martin's
OWATONNA — Gildner Odle Co
ROCHESTER — Anderson's Men's Wear
ROCHESTER — L. S. Donaldson Co
ROCHESTER — Stee maller's Men's Wear
ST. PAUL — St. Clair's Inc
ST. CLOUD — Metzerott's Co Clo
ST. PAUL — The Golden Rule
WORTHINGTON — Fagan's Clothes House

MISSISSIPPI

BROOKHAVEN — Lotter's Dept. Store
COLUMBIA — Guyton & Rhymes Inc
COLUMBUS — Eggars' Dept. Store
GREENEVILLE — Timms & Burr
JACKSON — Edwards Men's Wear
JACKSON — Kennington's
VICKSBURG — The Hub

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS — Aronson's Men's Wear
ST. LOUIS — Fisher's of Florissant
ST. LOUIS — Sykes Vandervoort Barney
ST. LOUIS — Werner & Horton

NORTH CAROLINA

CHARLOTTE — Belk's
FOREST CITY — Waldrop's Men's & Boys' Wear
GREENSBORO — Fesmire's Men's Wear
WINSTON SALEM — Town & Campus
WINSTON SALEM — Cahill & Swann Inc

OHIO

AKRON — Jack's Store For Men
AKRON — The Lucky Store
AKRON — M. O'Neil Co
AKRON — Phillips Men's & Boys' Wear
AKRON — A. Polsky Co
ALLIANCE — Moffett's Men's & Boys' Wear
ASHLAND — Gabriel's Toggery
ASHTABULA — Carnahe Allen Co
ATHENS — Kyle's Shop For Men
BARBERTON — Abbey's Magic City
BELLEFONTAINE — Hubers
CAMBRIDGE — Fred Raymond & Co
CANTON — Dickson's Tailors & Haberdashers
CANTON — M. O'Neil's (2 stores)
CANTON — Mr. Ted 2 stores
CHAGRIN FALLS — Paul's Men's & Boys' Shop
CHILLICOTHE — The Men's Shop
CINCINNATI — Pendleton
CINCINNATI — M. Agnes
CINCINNATI — Rollman's
CINCINNATI — Rollman & Sons Swifton
CINCINNATI — Shillito's
CLEVELAND — A. S. Men's Shop
CLEVELAND — Bill Edwards
CLEVELAND — Diamond Bros
CLEVELAND — Diamond's
CLEVELAND — Ernie's Men's Store
CLEVELAND — Mike Friedman Men's Wear
CLEVELAND — Higbee Co
CLEVELAND — Ben Kennedy
CLEVELAND — The Man Co
CLEVELAND — Bruce Morris Young Wear
CLEVELAND — Bill Schwartz
CLEVELAND — Scott's
CLEVELAND — Southern Men's Wear
CLEVELAND — Sydney's Men's & Boys' Wear
CLEVELAND — Strong Lloyd Co
CLEVELAND — Sterns Men's Wear
COLUMBUS — Tom Bonna
COLUMBUS — F & R Lazarus & Co
COLUMBUS — Metzenbaum Fashions Co
COLUMBUS — Wolfe's
CUYAHOGA FALLS — M. Davis
CUYAHOGA FALLS — M. Davis
DAYTON — Bodman Bell
DAYTON — Rike Kumler Co
DELAWARE — Smith Wilson
EAST CLEVELAND — The Drummond Men's Shop
EATON — The Men's Shop
ELYRIA — Gorman's
ELYRIA — Kapp's
FINDLAY — Peter Co. Co
FREMONT — Kapp's
GALION — The Globe
GALION — Thomas Clothiers
GREENVILLE — Tegtmeier's
HAMILTON — Dunlap Co Co
HAMILTON — Wimer's
HURON — Mayer's
KENT — D. H. Green
LIMA — The Leader Store
LORAIN — Harry's Men's & Boys' Wear
MANSFIELD — Bernard's
MANSFIELD — Wolfgang's
MARION — Mc Clellans
MAPLE HEIGHTS — Gordon Men's & Boys Wear
MARIETTA — Bohan's Dept. Store
MARYSVILLE — Karners
MIDDLEPORT — Smith Clothing
MIDDLETOWN — The Central Store
MIDDLETOWN — The Corner Men's Shop
MIDDLETOWN — Wolfgang's
NEWARK — The Men's Store
NEW PHILADELPHIA — The Boston
PERRYSVILLE — Carl's e Allen Co
PIQUA — Davidson's
PIQUA — Neth & Steiger
PORTSMOUTH — Ph. Weiler Inc
RAVENNA — Harpers
ROCKY RIVER — Fonus Men's Shop
SALEM — Moffett's Men's Wear
SANDUSKY — Weber's Inc
SHELBY — Thomas's
SPRINGFIELD — Thomas's
SPRINGFIELD — The Edward Wren Store
STEUBENVILLE — The Hub of Steubenville
ST. MARYS — Kellermeyer's
TIFFIN — Hook Clothing Co

OHIO (Continued)

TOLEDO — Dumont Sanders
TOLEDO — La Salle & Koch
TOLEDO — The Lion Store
TOLEDO — Robert's Men's & Boys' Wear
TOLEDO — Westgate's Lion Store
TROY — Longendecker's
URBANA — Stadler's
WARREN — Carlisle & Jones Co
WARREN — Larry's Square Shop
WARREN — Strauss Hirshberg
WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE — Diamond Bros Co
WOOSTER — Nick Angeles
YOUNGSTOWN — Bud's Men's Wear
YOUNGSTOWN — G. M. McKelvey Co
YOUNGSTOWN — Strauss Feldheger's
ZANESVILLE — A. E. Starr Co

OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA CITY — Sir's
TULSA — Ben Estes Co
TULSA — Plaza Men's Wear
WEATHERFORD — Steele Hutto's

SOUTH CAROLINA

ROCK HILL — H. Warner Co

TENNESSEE

CHATTANOOGA — Hardie & Caudle
CLARKSVILLE — M. L. Cross Co
COLUMBIA — Riggs & Parsons
LOVERBURG — Otis Manner Men's Shop
ELIZABETHTOWN — Fred Moore
GREENEVILLE — A. Rosen
HUMBOLDT — Hale & Albright Men's Shop
JACKSON — J. S. Rosenbloom Sons & Co
KINGSPORT — Fuller & Hallman
MARYSVILLE — Meigs Co Co
MORRISTOWN — R. M. Rogers Co
NASHVILLE — Castner Knott Co
NASHVILLE — Cain Sloan
OAK RIDGE — Samuel's Men's Store

TEXAS

ABILENE — Grissom's River Oaks
ABILENE — The Popular Dept Store
ABILENE — S & S Clothiers
ABILENE — S & S Clothiers-River Oaks
AMARILLO — Baldwin Bros
AMARILLO — The Hub Clothiers
AUSTIN — Hutchings Bros
AUSTIN — Jack Morton
BEAUMONT — Hoffer's Sportswear
BEAUMONT — Hurwitz Men's Shop
BEAUMONT — The White House
CORPUS CHRISTI — S & Q Clothiers
CORPUS CHRISTI — S & Q Clothiers Suburban
DALLAS — Titche Goettinger
DALLAS — E. M. Kahn (All 5 Stores)
DALLAS — Walnut Hill Men's & Boys' Shop
EL PASO — A. S. Inc
EL PASO — Al Hoffman, Inc
EL PASO — Plaza Men's Wear
EL PASO — Popular Dry Goods Co
FT. WORTH — Leonard's
FT. WORTH — Monning's Men's Shop
GALVESTON — E. S. Levy & Co
HARLINGEN — The Men's Shop
HOUSTON — Benjamin's
HOUSTON — E. S. Levy & Co. Gulfgate
HOUSTON — Harris Men's & Boys' Wear
HOUSTON — Hollywood Shop
HOUSTON — Joske's Gulfgate
HOUSTON — Mosses for Men
HOUSTON — Sakowitz
KILGORE — Hurwitz Men's Shop
LAREDO — Kanoe Fashions For Men
LONGVIEW — Hurwitz Men's Shop
LUBBOCK — Ellwood Ltd
LUBBOCK — Pete West Inc
MC ALLEN — The Men's Shop
MIDLAND — S & Q Clothiers Downtown
MIDLAND — S & Q Clothiers Village
NACOGDOCHES — Barney's Men's Apparel
ODESSA — Mayne's Clothiers Both Stores
ODESSA — Grover's Clothiers
PLAINVIEW — Paul Hopkins Men's Wear
PORT ARTHUR — Fountael's
SAN ANGELO — Blake Damron Co
SAN ANTONIO — Frank Bros
SAN ANTONIO — Hutchins Bros
SAN ANTONIO — Joske's
SAN ANTONIO — Lasky Inc
SAN ANTONIO — Pincus Co
SAN ANTONIO — Todd's
TEMPLE — Starnes Herring
TYLER — Hurwitz Men's Shop
WACO — Goldstein Magel
WACO — Harris Men's Shop
WICHITA FALLS — The Hub-S & S Clothiers
WICHITA FALLS — Mc Murray's Downtown
WICHITA FALLS — Mc Murray's Parker Square

WISCONSIN

APPLETON — Behnke's Inc
APPLETON — A. C. Prange Co
ANTIGO — Skud's Clothes Shop
BEAVER DAM — Newton & Wenz, Inc
BELOIT — George Bros
BURLINGTON — Rueter & Hannas
CHIPPEWA FALLS — The Boston
COLONY — Golden Rule
EAU CLAIRE — Maldoon's Inc
FORT ATKINSON — Hopkins
GREEN BAY — J. C. Prange Co
JANESVILLE — The Golden Rule
KENOSHA — Crystal's Men's Shop
MADISON — Edwin D. Olson & Son
MADISON — G. Sonnentheil
MADISON — Speth's Casual Wear
MILWAUKEE — Bemis, Inc
MILWAUKEE — The Boston Store
MILWAUKEE — Schmitz Bros
MILWAUKEE — Schusters
MILWAUKEE — Stanley's Men's & Boys' Shops
OSHKOSH — Johnson Inc
OSHKOSH — Wardrobe, Inc
PORTAGE — Atkinson Dept
RACINE — Wolf Bros
RACINE — Zahn's
SHAWANO — North Aire Sportswear
SHEBOYGAN — A. C. Prange Co
STEVENS POINT — Parkinson Clothes
TOMAH — Day & Harry
WAUSAU — Winkelman's
WEST BEND — MacShobs, Inc.
WISCONSIN DELLS — Square Shop
WISCONSIN RAPIDS — Frank Abel's Clothes

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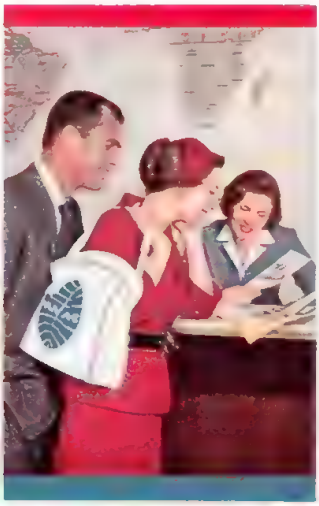

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to Freed that while Buchholz's game was big it was not yet big enough. . The first set of the MacKay-Osuna match did little to upset their expectations. MacKay, towering a good six inches over his opponent, looked fit and confident. Osuna was cautious, his large brown eyes—so large they seem crowded by his Aztec cheekbones and hawk nose—watchful but wary. In the seventh game, however, there was a shadow of things to come. MacKay opened it with an ace, his third, but then double-faulted, his second. Suddenly the doe-eyed hawk took wing. He twice returned the unreturnable service for placement points, he lobbed, chopped, dropped delicate little half volleys just over the net, and ultimately he carried MacKay to deuce five times before the American prevailed.

It was a flurry, but not a fluke. Even though MacKay ran out the set, 6 3, a surprised excitement began to ripple through the crowd. Before long the excitement became frenzy. Osuna took the first game of the second set at love, acing MacKay for the fourth point. In the fourth game he broke MacKay's service. He slumped briefly but recovered, and then he began to break MacKay's heart by hitting back the big first serve—not with desperate little plops designed only to keep the ball in play but with incisively angled shots that sometimes passed MacKay, sometimes caught him halfway to the net, sometimes literally tangled him in his feet.

Osuna's own service, ineffective in the first set, became sharper and flatter, spitting off the clay like butter off a griddle. In the 10th game of the fourth set he found himself at match point, MacKay serving, game score 30–40, the U.S. trailing 4 5. MacKay never hit a better first service. It caught the far corner of the court on Osuna's backhand. Osuna laced it back cross-court for a placement ace.

To anyone who saw Osuna in the Saturday match alone, it seemed certain that an international tennis player of the first rank had moved on stage. His service, while no cannonball, was fast, flat and controlled. Unlike many players who have grown up with the big game, he displayed a full repertoire of shots—half volleys of a delicacy reminiscent of Vincent Richards.

But that was Saturday, and in the light of what happened Sunday it is only prudent to note that Osuna, for all his brilliance, had a good deal of help from MacKay in scoring his singles victory. MacKay got only 51% of his first services into play, scored only 11 aces and double-faulted a shocking 21 times. It is unkind but fair to say that on a bad day nobody can break MacKay's service as effectively as MacKay.

YOUNGEST MEXICAN, RAFAEL OSUNA, LED TEAM

At 12 noon on Sunday, Osuna was still a god to a gallery popping with optimism. Teamed with 24-year-old Antonio Palafox, he was considered an inevitable winner in the doubles. Even Dave Freed smiled sadly and shook his head when asked to predict the immediate future of his young doubles combination of Buchholz and McKinley.

The smile, it soon developed, was something of a come-on. The day before Freed had plotted on a chart every shot in MacKay's game with Osuna and had discovered that Osuna rifled serves to his backhand straight back into MacKay's teeth. Osuna's forehand return, however, was weak, particularly when he was unable to come in on the ball and instead was forced to take a step to the right. In the doubles Buchholz and McKinley succeeded in placing 60% of their serves deep on Osuna's forehand. They also rushed the net faster, helping to minimize Osuna's speed, which had so upset the slow-moving MacKay the day before.

The strategy began to pay off handsomely after the third set when the Mexicans led 2 1. On set point in the fourth game, Osuna hit a soft second service into the net. This was bad enough, but he sank still further in the fifth set when he collided with Palafox, almost knocking him out. Finally, at 6 5, the U.S. leading, McKinley aced Osuna. On balance, Freed's shot chart won the doubles.

The fourth singles decided the issue. MacKay won the match for the U.S. and, for all intents and purposes, earned for it the right to challenge Australia for the Davis Cup this December (the U.S. must now face only weak Venezuela). It was not a refurbished MacKay so much as an opponent made to order that brought ultimate victory. Where Osuna had been incredibly fast, often beating MacKay to the net on his own service, Llamas was a slow, controlled player who depended on placements for his points. Against this type of game MacKay had a chance to try placements himself, and at this he is almost unbeatable among the world's amateurs.

He proved this conclusively on Monday in a game that was by far the best of the test match. After a bad start, Llamas, encouraged by the noisy crowd chanting his name, got better and better. But just when it seemed he would break through, MacKay would shock him with a beautiful cross-court placement. MacKay's service also came to his aid. He aced Llamas 19 times, seldom double-faulted and got his first service in most of the time. In the 20th game, with tension becoming almost unbearable and the spectators groaning in suppressed but polite excitement, MacKay broke Llamas' serve with a brilliant cross-court placement. And two points from the end Llamas committed one of his rare double faults. It was a sad denouement for the crowd that had cried "Mario, Mario, Mario!" but it served as a lovely comeback for MacKay. **END**

WATER SKIING / *James Murray*

Now it can be told

When Vicki Van Hook became world champion water skier, not even her home town knew it

THROWING A HIGH WAKE, CHAMPION VICKI CUTS SHARPLY AROUND A SLALOM BUOY

AS THE BEST of the U.S. water skiers —men and women, boys and girls —rocket off the jumping ramp and whirl through extraordinary contortions in the national championships at Minneapolis this weekend, the public address system may let the spectators in on a secret. Almost nobody knows it, but 16-year-old Vicki Van Hook, defending girls' champion, is also the reigning women's *world* champion. When Vicki won her world title as a 15-year-old in Milan, Italy last September almost nobody in her home town of Long Beach, Calif. even knew she had left town. Vicki's next-door neighbors only recently discovered that she is world champion. The chamber of commerce did not know it, and neither did the sports department of the local paper, which looked with suspicion on Vicki's claim until they had triple checked it with reliable sources.

The field of first-class skiers that Vicki beat in Milan included her countrywoman, Nancie Rideout, the well-publicized swallow of Cypress Gardens, Fla., whom most people, if they think about it at all, believe is the world champion today. Advertisements featuring Nancie Rideout have billed her as such—it takes careful reading of the finer print to discover that Nancie won only one event, the jump, in the championship competition at Milan. It was by amassing the highest total score in jumping and in trick running and in the slalom that teen-age Vicki, not Nancie Rideout, became world champion.

When Vicki returned home one friend of the few who had heard of her victory innocently suggested that winning the water ski title was like being ping-pong champion —a rather cheap comparison that ignores one obvious difference. In ping-pong a fast-flying celluloid ball takes the beating. In water skiing the fastest flying object is the competitor, who sometimes wakes up in a hospital. In the spine-jarring jump event, women skiers swoop toward the five-foot ramp at 28 miles an hour. From the ramp Champion Vicki consistently catapults 60 feet through the air (she went 76 feet to place second to Nancie Rideout at Milan). At the end of a jump she must cushion the shock by flexing her knees. Skiers miscalculating their take-off, and landing badly, have been crippled and killed. Right now an Italian research team is studying the damage to the spine that repeated landings, good or bad, may cause.

In the trick event a woman skier makes two 20-second runs, executing a dozen different tricks on each. At Milan Vicki took second with a near-perfect series of contortions, such as the back-to-front stepover (stepping over the tow line while spinning a half

circle) and the helicopter (a full spin in the air off the jumping ramp). In the slalom event, which Vicki won, each competitor makes four runs through a double row of buoys, passing outside a buoy on the right, then turning sharply across the wake of the boat to go outside a buoy on the left, then back to the right. The pull of the rope tears at the hands and wrenches the arms and back. On the final run at 34 miles an hour every skier, Champion Vicki included, usually misses a buoy and goes down with a rib-denting crash.

Nine years ago, when Vicki was making a start, there was plenty of room near Long Beach for a 7-year-old water sprite to skitter around on cut-down skis. But as boating has boomed, Long Beach waters have become crowded with slips and moorings and cluttered with beer cans and other flotsam discarded by happy boatmen. Vicki for awhile turned to an unsightly drainage ditch in a slough on the inland side of Long Beach; but now, to get the wide, clear water she needs, she travels 125 miles south to San Diego and, sometimes, far north to the San Joaquin-Sacramento delta.

First at the Nationals

At the nationals in 1955 as an 11-year-old, draped in an oversize polka-dot suit, Vicki won her first national title, beating a fetching field of teenagers to win the girls' trick event and in a regional meet jumped 53 feet to tie the existing world record. She has won the national girls' championship for the past three years and defends her girls' title for the last time this weekend (though already women's champion of the world, by the rules, she cannot compete for the national women's title until she has passed her 17th birthday).

For her honors Vicki has paid the going price, a twisted leg here, a wrenched back there, the black-and-blue marks of one meet barely fading before the next meet comes around. Last summer in the three weeks before the nationals she took two bad falls, on the worst of them losing a ski as she rocketed off the jumping ramp. She defended her title running a 102° fever, and with a lame back and leg and one arm laced with blood clots. While physically she is now the hardened, shapely mistress of a sport

(continued)

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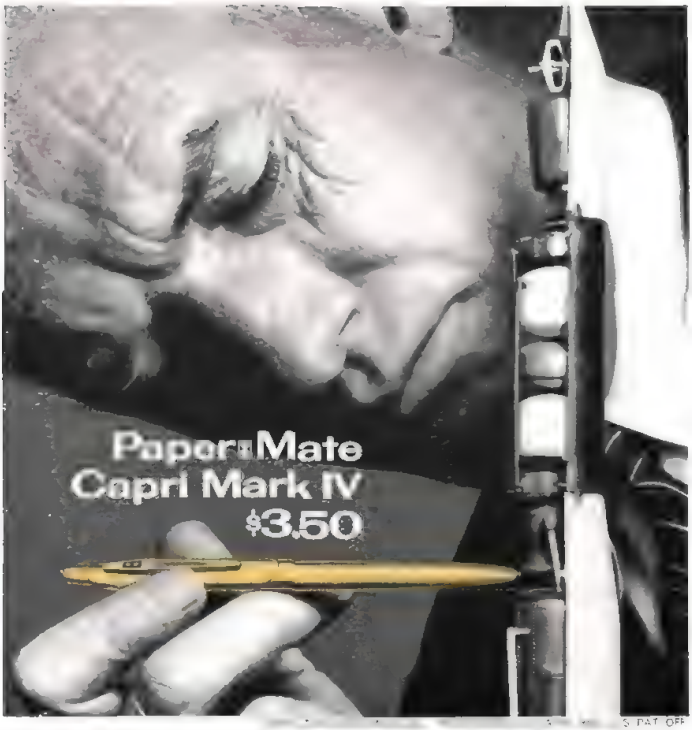
where confidence counts for a lot, socially she is a rather shy, self-effacing, attractive gray-eyed girl with a common teen-age devotion to pop singers and sweet food (she gives her weight as 120, but her good, honest mother is quick to add, "She means that's what she should weigh").

Last at the banquet

If the past year is a fair indication, Vicki is well on her way to becoming the world's least-known champion, the indestructible, anonymous queen of a very fast-growing sport. Three months after she won the world title, the Long Beach paper, having reasonable faith in the news it gets to print, ran a story featuring another hometown girl, 13-year-old Martha Ann Williams, as international champion. (Miss Williams had won an invitational meet in Acapulco, which Vicki, for lack of funds, did not enter.) Vicki's mother set the paper straight. Later, the cover of the paper's Sunday supplement billed Nancie Rideout as the world water ski champion. Vicki's mother set the Sunday supplement straight and received the kind, empty promise that when the editors next got around to water skiing, they would be glad to consider Vicki. Champion Vicki appeared as mystery guest on a TV quiz show. Three of the four experts on the panel thought another guest, a pretender to Vicki's throne, looked more like a water ski champion than Vicki. When a bunch of Long Beach boosters held a banquet of champions honoring Channel Swimmer Greta Anderson, Pitcher Bud Daley of the Kansas City Athletics, ex-Pitcher Bob Lemon and the cream of the local Little League crop, Vicki got a seat at a rear table and was introduced at the end of the program, almost as an oversight.

Vicki came to believe her championship status was hardly worth the effort. For three months she virtually dropped the sport and lived the ordinary life of a junior in Long Beach Polytechnic High. But the mood passed. This week Vicki strapped her three pairs of skis on the family sedan again and headed for Minnesota to gather newer, bluer bruises and another title. She likes the sport, and she likes the idea of being champion, even if she's the only one in town who knows it. **END**



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Now, after years of research, science has developed a new way to treat this infection. It has proven so successful it was written up in the Archives of Dermatology (Vol. No. 77). Recently it was selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team. The secret of this remarkable new treatment is a unique, painless type of iodine*—world's greatest antiseptic—that kills all kinds of germs and fungi, but doesn't burn or sting tissue—is actually so safe it can be used on even the most tender skin.

Specifically designed to treat athlete's foot infection, this painless form of iodine has been prepared in (1) liquid form to kill infecting organisms by contact, and (2) in spray-powder form to guard against re-infection from socks and shoes. Both liquid and powder are found only in new Isodine Athlete's Foot Treatment kit.

Use Isodine Athlete's Foot Treatment as directed with this remarkable guarantee: you *must* get rid of chronic athlete's foot suffering and you *must* prevent its return—or we will gladly give you double your money back. Get new Isodine Athlete's Foot Treatment at your drugstore today—no prescription needed.

SELECTED FOR USE BY U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

Complete kit contains liquid, powder and Q-Tip swabs, only $1.69.

*contains polyvinylpyrrolidone Iodine Pat. No. 2,739,922 General Aniline & Film Corp

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KEN VENTURI, BUD PALMER and FRANK GIFFORD
Gifford wears the Fair Isle pullover, $16.95

We have been thinking of changing the name to the Jantzen International Shag Club

For quite some years we have been content simply to bear down on each sweater that we manufacture and try to make it the best in recorded history. So that if they ever put up a "Sportswear Hall of Fame" in Cooperstown or somewhere, there will be Jantzen sweaters all over the gallery.

But in designing great sweaters one at a time we started picture shags, and although no one ever thought it possible to combine the soft hand of shag with rich patterns, we have done it, and we say modestly that we are the envy of the sweater trade.

These are grand sweaters; have you ever seen Venturi, Palmer, and Gifford look better?

We must give it to you straight: There may not be any left if you wait long. Some commercials tell you to "hurry down to your corner drugstore," but no one hurries because druggists don't run out of aspirin. But the fine stores that carry Jantzen will run out. There aren't enough picture shags to go around.

Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon

Jantzen

sportswear for sportsmen

At the JANTZEN INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CLUB at Monterey peninsula Crosby Clambake, which Ken won. Ken Venturi, Frank Gifford, Warren Miller and Bud Palmer. *Left*, Bud Palmer wears the Argyle shag pullover, $16.95. *Center*, Ken Venturi in the Argyle shag cardigan, $19.95. Photos by Tom Kelley.

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

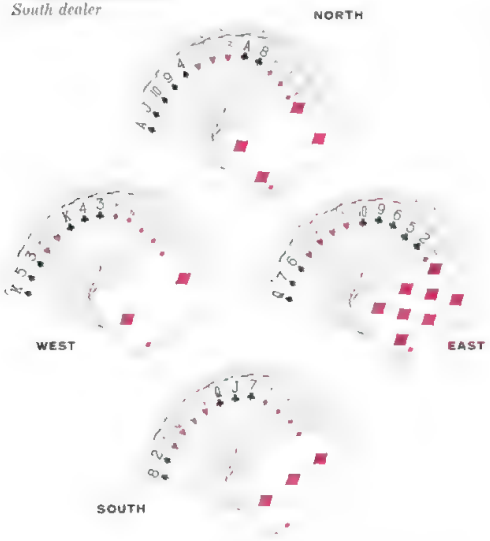
The power of kings

FOR THE WORLD's monarchs, these are perilous times. Even in a pack of cards, where one might assume a king would retain his old power, he is obliged occasionally to settle for something less than his accustomed authority. In "klob," for instance, the king of trumps ranks lower than the jack and 9.

In bridge, fortunately, when his power is not abused by freethinkers, he remains a potentate. He can force an ace; he can stop the run of an adverse suit; and he can, of course, win any card of lower denomination.

Seldom, however, has his majesty played so many roles as in the following deal which came up in a practice game between Mr. and Mrs. Howard Schenken and Mrs. Edith Kemp and John Gerber before my TV show.

East-West vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (Gerber)	WEST (Schenken)	NORTH (Mrs. Kemp)	EAST (Mrs. Schenken)
1♥	PASS	1♠	PASS
1 N.T.	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: diamond king

The defense of this hand was so spectacular that I am both glad and sorry it was not played before the cameras—it would have been a splendid hand for the TV audience to watch but the deal was so unusual that viewers might have charged we had rigged it.

The bidding was governed somewhat by the conditions that usually apply in a TV match. Because of the pressure of the time limit, the team that is trailing must hope that it will become lucky fast and win.

On West's opening lead of the king of diamonds, South dropped the 7, trying to make East's 8 look like a come-on signal. But West wasn't tempted to lead another diamond because he knew that his partner would have played the jack on the trick if she had held it.

Dummy's spade suit looked threatening, especially with the ace of clubs as an outside entry, so Schenken's second lead was the king of clubs, thus killing dummy's entry to the spades.

It wouldn't help declarer to duck this card since a club continuation would force dummy's ace on the next lead. So the club ace was taken and South came to his hand with the queen of clubs to lead the 8 of spades.

Once again it was necessary to sacrifice a king. If West played low, declarer would pass the trick. And if East took his queen declarer would try another finesse at his next opportunity and bring in four spade tricks and his game. By playing the king on the first lead, West killed the spade suit. Declarer could have ducked the trick, hoping that West held the king and queen, but Gerber preferred to hope that two spade tricks would be enough. He took dummy's ace and led the jack. Not being sure South held only two spades, East ducked this trick as declarer had hoped.

Now Gerber shifted his attack to the heart suit. He finessed the queen and West made a more prosaic use of his fourth king to capture the trick and lead his third club, knocking out South's remaining stopper. Declarer still had hopes of a heart break or a diamond end play but neither of these prospects materialized. South took only three clubs, two spades, two hearts and one diamond before East got in to win the rest of the tricks and put the contract down one.

EXTRA TRICK

Remember that the king has powers other than the mere winning of a trick. Sometimes, by sacrificing that power, you can get back several tricks in return. **END**

"Trygve's idea of paradise a lonely beach and a Rum & Tonic"

—writes Kay Sletteland, who learned about paradise and dry rum drinks in Puerto Rico.

SEE those Rum-and-Tonics on the tree? Our Puerto Rican host mixed them the moment he saw us returning from our sailing trip.

The effect on my husband was electric. He started to row with unbecoming haste. And, after taking his first gulp, began to talk about Rum-and-Tonic as though he *invented* it.

I happen to know he never dreamed of this delightful drink till he was given one, while supposedly inspecting sites for a new Puerto Rican shopping center.

But this doesn't stop Trygve from going on and on about the dryness of Puerto Rican rum to his friends. "Be sure the words *Puerto Rican Rum* are on the label," goes his lecture. "It ensures that the rum is aged in oak, and is distilled at high proof for *extra* dryness."

Trygve is a good businessman. But sometimes he sounds like a bad advertisement.

RUM & TONIC

Pour [illegible] oz. of dry white Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in a highball glass. Fill glass with [illegible] water. Squeeze in juice from half a lime, and drop hull in.

FREE! Colorful *new* Rum Recipe Booklet. Write "Rums of Puerto Rico" Dept. 12-C, 666 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

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BASEBALL / *Walter Bingham*

Dodgers in mufti

Two undercover agents are helping Dem Bums fight for their second straight pennant

THE Los Angeles Dodgers are back in the thick of the National League pennant race and two men are responsible. Their names are not Snider and Hodges, nor are they Sherry and Drysdale. In fact, the men are not even players. Their names are Griffin and Roth. One is a clubhouse man, the other a statistician.

John Griffin is an odd-looking person, tubby, unkempt and usually sweaty. His habitat is the locker room of the Dodgers and his duties include gathering soiled towels, distributing razor blades to bearded players and guarding wallets during games. While he works, Griffin often wears a grass skirt, or a flowered hat, or a kimono—always something ludicrous. The Dodgers, however, never laugh at him. Griffin's costumes are part of an old superstition, and ballplayers are as superstitious as primitive man.

This is how it works: if John Griffin dresses like Bloody Mary before a game, and the Dodgers win that game, Griffin will remain Bloody Mary just as long as the team keeps winning. When the Dodgers lose, Griffin will switch to, say, Charlie Chaplin (charcoal mustache, a silly grin) in the hope of launching a new winning streak.

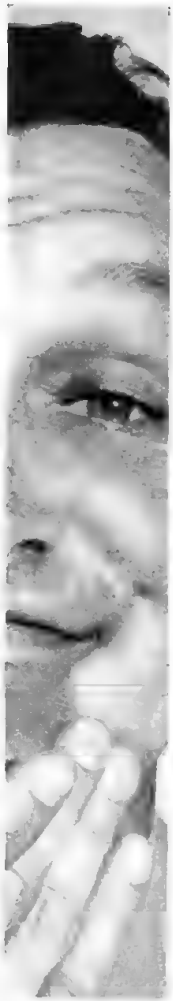
Griffin's magic became especially effective in late June and continued that way through July and into early August. During that time the Dodgers never lost two games in a row and several times went on winning for as long as three and four days. In the process they moved from sixth place (Griffin had a bad spring) to third, grouped with Milwaukee and the surprising St. Louis Cardinals, the three of them just a few strides behind Pittsburgh. Griffin is sure he can come up with enough costume changes to pull the Dodgers through to another pennant.

Allan Roth, a hefty 43-year-old who moved from Long Island to Los Angeles when the Dodgers went West, takes a more scientific approach. Roth has been keeping statistics for the club since 1947. His, however, are not just ordinary publicity-type statistics. Roth records every pitch of

continued

PERCHED IN THE RADIO BOOTH, ALLAN ROTH RECORDS EVERY MOVE THE DODGERS MAKE

In 10 seconds flat...



Discover the "closest thing to a second shave"

Ten seconds. That's all it takes to rub on Mennen Shave Talc after a shave. And what a difference those ten seconds make. Blemishes and skin irritations disappear. Shaving shine and redness vanish. And as for that last trace of beard—well, it's just as if you *had* shaved twice. Not even a shadow remains. Nobody sees the talc, either—skin-tone Mennen *blends right in.* Many men use Mennen Shave Talc *twice* a day. Right after shaving. And just before dinner. Either time it's the "closest thing to a second shave."

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First among Tequilas—CUERVO, infinitely inviting in a frosty Margarita* cocktail . . . in a Martini, Collins, Sour, highball or straight . . . Ah, caballeros, you will kiss your fingertips and roll your eyes when you savor CUERVO. Supremely satisfying. At your own dealer's.

*Tequila Margarita: 1 oz. Cuervo Tequila ½ oz. Triple Sec. 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. Shake with ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass.

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

every game the Dodgers play. He registers the hits: who made them, where they went, who was pitching, what the count was and how many men were on base. He knows (or can look up) how many hits Gil Hodges has made off Lou Burdette since 1952. Some people might not care how many hits Hodges has made off Burdette, but Walt Alston, manager of the Dodgers, does, and very much.

Roth has two sets of 5-inch-by-8-inch cards which Coach Pete Reiser keeps in the dugout during games. One set is blue; on each blue card is the name of an opposing National League pitcher and also the names of all the Dodger batters and how they have done against that pitcher, in 1960, in 1959, and lifetime. If Milwaukee brings in Joey Jay to pitch and Alston wants a pinch hitter, he will call down the bench to Reiser and ask, "Who hits Jay?" Reiser, after consulting the "Jay" card, may call back "Essegian." In which case it is likely that Chuck Essegian will pinch-hit and, of course, hit a home run.

The other set of cards is yellow, one for every opposing batter in the league. Also on these cards are the names of the Dodger pitchers. Now Alston can see which of his pitchers, especially his relief pitchers, have had the best luck against Spencer, Kirkland or Altman.

"Alston doesn't make a move without consulting Roth," said one Los Angeles writer last week. But Roth himself made it clear that he is in no way a second manager.

"My cards are just a guide," Roth said. "I sit in the radio booth, not on the bench. Walt makes all the decisions."

Nevertheless, one Roth suggestion contributed directly to a Dodger victory recently. Alston was inclined to start Rookie Tommy Davis against Bob Friend of Pittsburgh. Roth pointed out that both Wally Moon and Duke Snider had good records against Friend. So Alston started them both in the outfield, along with Frank Howard. Moon hit a two-run homer to win the 3-1 game. Snider hit a triple.

Of course, good as Roth and Griffin are, the players help, too. So far this season several men who had comparatively little to do with last year's pennant glory have been the big heroes.

Foremost is Pitcher Stan Williams, who has won 11 and lost only four (and those by scores of 2–0, 2–1, 3–0 and 3–1). Williams is 23 and huge. (Dodger pitchers, walking through a hotel lobby, look like a visiting basketball team. Both Williams and Don Drysdale are 6 feet 5 inches, Roger Craig is 6 feet 4 inches and Larry Sherry and Ed Roebuck are 6 feet 2 inches.) Last year Williams was undistinguished until he pitched the final three innings of the last playoff game against Milwaukee, blanking the Braves and getting credit for the win.

JOHN GRIFFIN WEARS KIMONO FOR LUCK

"We threw nothing but fast balls that day," recalls Joe Pignatano, his catcher.

This year Williams has added a respectable curve to what Pignatano calls the best fast ball in the league, and he is now the most effective starter on the staff.

The most effective relief pitcher—on the staff and in the league—is 29-year-old Ed Roebuck, who wasn't even with the club last year. When the Dodgers were in Brooklyn, Roebuck put in several seasons as a good relief man, although he was overshadowed by Clem Labine. Then Roebuck developed arm trouble, which is par for relief pitchers, and he drifted off to the minors. Now his arm feels fine again and his money pitch, the sinker, is working. Roebuck has won eight games and his earned run average is the best in the league.

A major share of the Dodgers' hitting support has come from 24-year-old Frank Howard, the 6-foot-6-inch, 240-pound giant from Ohio State. Few young players have received the fanfare Howard did when he turned professional. His tape-measure home runs in the minors and in spring training made good copy, and he was soon labeled as the man who would someday break Babe Ruth's home run record. After false starts in the majors in both 1958 and 1959, Howard was brought up quietly this May, after the season began. Despite this late start, he leads the team in home runs and runs batted in. Howard is still an unfinished product and often strikes out on terrible pitches, but no one doubts that experience will cure the habit. In right field he is ungainly but competent and his arm is strong enough to keep runners alert.

Howard is as uncommunicative as he is large and reporters have found him hard to talk to. One day last week he was standing in front of a Pittsburgh hotel when two Los Angeles writers came out.

"Seen Essegian?" Howard asked.

The reporters replied that they had not and as they walked away one said to the other, "You have just had an interview with Frank Howard."

The two other Dodgers who have helped the team most this year are Norm Larker and Maury Wills. Larker, filling in at first base for the slumping Gil Hodges, has been among the league's leading hitters all season. "We would not be in contention without him," Walter Alston has said.

Wills, a slight, mild-mannered man, joined the Dodgers at midseason last year and after a shaky start was an important factor in the team's September rush to the pennant. This year he has become the best defensive shortstop in the league.

But the Dodgers' most solid asset, and what the other National League teams fear most, is the pitching. Day after day Alston is able to use a good pitcher: Williams, Drysdale, Craig, Podres. Roebuck and Sherry are strong in relief. If the Dodgers are close to first place as the season goes into its final weeks, they will be tough to stop.

Remember, too, that John Griffin will be down in the Dodger locker room, dressed like Sadie Thompson. And Allan Roth will be up in the radio booth, plotting. That gives the Dodgers a definite edge. END

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KNOWN AND ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

A QUESTION OF THE SOUL

by CHARLES W. THAYER

Medal with heart-bearing problem is Olympic winner's only official reward

On the eve of the 1960 Games, the survival of the Olympic movement hangs on an issue which has defied definition—amateurism. Out of the welter of conflicting arguments among men and nations a well-known author, diplomat and sportsman draws on his years in the Western and Soviet worlds to clarify the issue and discusses possible solutions

ROME, I believe, will see the last amateur Olympics. The International Olympic Committee, that stouthearted defender of the amateur tradition, is facing a mounting clamor for a fundamental redefinition of amateurism. When the committee assembles next week for its meeting before the Games, it will have before it several proposals—some from within its own ranks—to deal with well-substantiated charges that in the East it is winking at Soviet flouting of its rules and in the West it is being hoodwinked by individual athletes and their federations. Whatever the outcome of this and subsequent meetings, it is certain that the amateur Olympic code will have to be drastically reappraised in the light of 20th century realities.

What precisely is the tradition of Olympic amateurism? The ancient Greek games, the greatest of the games, those which Pindar extols, were definitely amateur—an amateurism based on the aristocracy of Greek city-states, for the aristocrats alone had the money and the leisure to practice the strenuous discipline required. But with the increasing influence of the merchant class, Greek society changed, and the games changed, too. The principles of amateurism were stretched and bent until finally the city-states were subsidizing their leading athletes and showering them with rewards and privileges, just as the Russians now are doing openly and virtually every Western country in secret.

JOHN KELLY SR. WAS AN EARLY VICTIM OF "GENTLEMAN" CODE

The fact is, the tradition the International Olympic Committee is so valiantly defending, while based on the original Greek concept, is in its modern concept less than a century old. It is the byproduct of a unique and brief period in Anglo-Saxon history which gave the world its first "gentleman amateur." Prior to the English school reforms of the mid-19th century, almost all first-rate athletes in England were professionals who performed to amuse the well-heeled upper classes and to give them a spectacle on which to bet their money. When the "gentlemen" themselves decided to participate in sports, they were obliged to exclude the professional "players," because the strict social conventions of the day forbade gentlemen to associate with those who plied a trade considered by the upper classes to be demeaning.

These conventions, both social and sporting, were adhered to in the cradle of American amateur athletics, the private boarding schools of New England and the Ivy League colleges of the East Coast. Both in America and in England a gentleman might hire an ex-prizefighter, a golf trainer or a tennis teacher to coach his son and might even brush up his own game in a round with the professional. But when it was over, the pro left by the service entrance and the gentleman went in to tea.

continued

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It was in this privileged and leisurely atmosphere that the concept of the amateur was born. And toward the end of this era the present members of the International Olympic Committee started their athletic careers, with unquestioned acceptance of the amateur creed. Critics describe them as a self-perpetuating clique of rich, like-minded old men in horse blinkers, living in the long-forgotten past. The description is unfair. Some of them, including their doughty president, Avery Brundage, are indeed rich. They do indeed elect their own successors, jealously rejecting all outside interference. But they are also dedicated idealists who believe passionately and sincerely in the amateur ideal and ascribe to it a spiritual value that exceeds by far what they consider the only relatively difficult problems of enforcing the amateur code.

The champions of amateurism find it difficult, however, to say precisely what amateurism is. "It is a thing of the spirit," Brundage recently wrote me, "and hence is very difficult to define." "It is a question of the soul," one of his French colleagues said, raising his shoulders in perplexity, "and how can one define a condition of the soul?"

But define it they did in Rule 26 of the Olympic rules:

"An amateur is one who participates and always has participated in sport solely for pleasure and for the physical, mental or social benefits he derives therefrom, and to whom participation in sport is nothing more than recreation without material gain of any kind, direct or indirect. In addition he must comply with the rules of the International Federation concerned."

This rule is supplemented by a

CANADIAN JEAN BELIVEAU pointed up contradictory amateur regulations within sports by trying out with hockey's professional Canadiens while still an amateur.

statement that athletes subsidized by governments, educational institutions or by businesses are not amateurs but "pseudo amateurs," and hence ineligible for amateur competition. The definition also condemns athletes who are sponsored for national aggrandizement or are given posts in the army or civil services. It opposes training camps operated for more than two weeks, athletic scholarships and "other inducements of various kinds"—recipients of which cannot qualify for the amateur category.

The definition is further supplemented by seven "decisions" declaring "ineligible for the Olympic Games" those who have ever played for money; received pay as teachers or coaches; profited commercially from their athletic fame in the press, movies, theater or radio; have received expense money exceeding actual outlay; have decided to turn professional; neglected their usual vocation for competitive sport; or have permitted their names or pictures to *be used for advertising.*

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

The issue could scarcely be more clearly drawn. The amateur *ideal* of sportsmanship, fair play and the pursuit of excellence for its own sake is both a noble and a sound one. Whether this ideal depends for its existence on the amateur *rules* quoted above is quite another question.

Brundage and his supporters believe with religious fervor that it does. "If we water down the rules now," one of his staunchest backers told me, "the Games will be destroyed within eight years."

But every religion has found it necessary to adapt its dogma to changing conditions. In no period of time, furthermore, has the world changed, and so fast, as in the last two generations. Gone is the handful of white-flanneled gentlemen amateurs batting balls around their few private courts, cricket grounds and golf links. In its stead an entirely new generation, dressed in shorts and numbering millions from every social level, is batting and kicking balls around innumerable public courts and playing fields throughout the world. Air travel has made international competitions routine, and a vastly improved communications system keeps the

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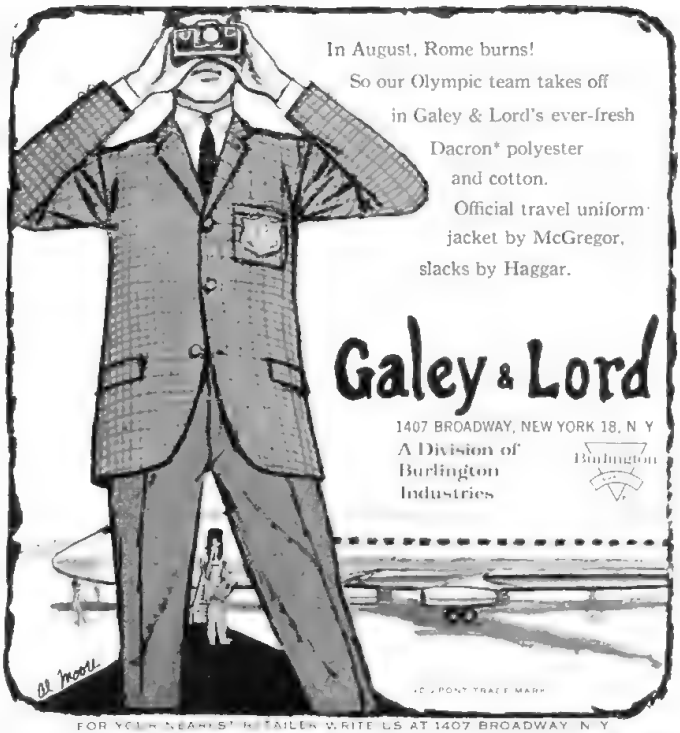

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sports-conscious public of all nations informed of the results.

This, in turn, has brought about another change. Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the founder of the modern Games, hoped that friendship on the sports field would lead to a decrease in international antagonisms. But rampant universal nationalism has increased international rivalry to the point of making the will to win in sports a national policy. Though the Olympic authorities have constantly deeried the trend, the Games have become a focus of international rivalry as unofficial scorers have pitted one nation against another. Scarcely a single country does not in one form or another give financial assistance to its team in the Olympics to uphold its national prestige.

Commercialism has been an even greater ill than nationalism, especially in the United States. When shrewd businessmen discovered in the '20s the money-making possibilities of spectator sports, they exploited them ruthlessly. To attract large audiences they went after the famous athletes in and out of the colleges, and their cold cash, offered above or under the table, dampened many an amateur spirit.

VOICES FROM THE PAST

The guardians of amateurism reacted in various ways in different sports. A large number, somehow confusing the taking of money for playing with the extinct prejudice against taking money for a trade, countered with every sort of rule to prevent athletes from accepting rewards. Others, living in the dead past when professionals used the back door and ate, if at all, at the kitchen table, even forbade amateurs to compete with professionals at tournaments lest somehow they become contaminated.

College athletics were hit by commercialism in another form. Primarily to attract publicity and larger student bodies, secondly to enhance their prestige with their alumni and donors, and finally as a means of financing the costs of running their institutions, university authorities found the gate receipts of winning teams irresistible. To recruit such teams, athletic scholarships and special dispensations, such as leniency in academic requirements, became the rule in many colleges, to the indignation of the guardians of amateurism.

When Americans point to the state amateurs of Russia and accuse the IOC of using one standard to judge the East and another to judge the West, Brundage is apt to retort, with considerable support from most European athletes and sports officials, that American criticism of Soviet athletics "sounds like sour grapes." In Europe, the indignation of sports officials against American college sports, especially the practice of recruiting foreign athletes, is considerably more vociferous than any opposition to athletic practices behind the Iron Curtain.

"When we suggest to Russian officials that they aren't complying with

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STAR HELL DRIVER, DAN FITTNOR, SAYS "Cooper Safety-Premium Nylons actually outlast the normal three-year trade-in life of most cars."

the rules, they merely point to American college athletics and laugh," one British official said. "Your athletic scholarships are a far more pernicious evil than Russia's state amateurs."

However, the facts are that the Soviet socialist concept of athletics, while generally not incompatible with worldwide standards of good sportsmanship, is completely at odds with the IOC rules.

Russian sports are organized on the principle that every citizen is entitled to an opportunity to play games. This is the same principle which inspired Baron de Coubertin to revive the Olympic Games. In practice, the essential difference between Soviet and Western sports is that the Soviet government openly and avowedly helps talented sportsmen to develop their potentials by providing them with the best available facilities, all the free time necessary to perfect themselves, and sufficient material incentives to encourage them to do so.

"Is it not just and fair," one Communist sports official has argued, "to reward those who at the cost of strenuous effort have reached the summit? Is it not fair to reward those who by their splendid example lead the masses along the road to perfection?" Except for the pompous Marxian flavor of the rhetoric, it is not hard to imagine any athlete anywhere subscribing to this view.

I SAW NOTHING

In 1954 Brundage went to Russia, where he was treated as a very important person indeed. Brundage was deeply impressed by the national enthusiasm for physical fitness and the businesslike organization of sports. "We can learn much from them," he told reporters on his return, and some of these reporters recalled uneasily that Brundage had shown the same enthusiasm for a fitness-conscious nation on returning from Nazi Germany in 1936. Russian sports officials had told Brundage that they "believe in and respect the Olympic rules and have no professional athletes in the U.S.S.R.," that they have no special training camps, give no special inducements, cash prizes or other material awards to their athletes.

"In my long trip through the Soviet Union," Brundage said later, "I saw nothing that would make me question these statements."

But the irrefutable fact is that the statements are not true. The Soviet Union neither believes in nor respects the Olympic rules, any more than do the majority of athletes and sports officials in the rest of the world. Let me cite a few examples based on both personal experience and the official Soviet press:

Last winter, when a U.S. amateur hockey team from Brockton, Mass. was taking one of the worst drubbings of its life from a not-so-amateur Soviet team, I was chatting with a star Soviet hockey player underneath the stadium. He was a lieutenant in the Soviet army and told me that two or three times a week he had to report to the Defense Ministry for a couple of hours duty. Were he an enlisted

continued

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man, he added, he would not have to report at all. The rest of the time during the hockey season he is completely free to train and practice with his team. He has a small apartment in Moscow for himself, his wife and his small daughter. Each year he gets a vacation at a fashionable Black Sea resort. He owns a medium-priced car.

Soviet law and custom requires every man to work six or seven hours a day, not a week, as the lieutenant does. Soviet lieutenants are lucky if they have a room in a multiroom apartment. While a few thousand cars are privately owned in Moscow, they do not belong to junior Soviet army officers. Obviously, Soviet athletes do receive special inducements and material rewards.

Take the sad story of Edik Streltsov, the star center forward of the Soviet Olympic soccer team who generally played for the Torpedo sports club attached to the Likhachev auto works in Moscow. Two years ago Streltsov landed in court charged with rape, induced, the prosecutor said, by the regal way he was kept by the Torpedo club. Asked by the judge where he worked, Streltsov answered: "At the Likhachev plant."

"And what do you do there?" the judge asked.

"I play soccer," he answered nonchalantly.

In addition to a handsome salary and frequent bonuses, Streltsov also had an apartment for himself, his wife and child.

"Is it customary for ordinary workers to get an apartment like that?" a newspaper reporter asked the factory management.

"Streltsov is no ordinary worker," was the reply. "He is a personality." *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the Communist youth organ which revealed the story, also reported that whenever he was chided for drunken be-

AMERICA'S LEE CALHOUN, 1952 gold medal hurdler, dramatized absurdity of amateur code when he was suspended for getting married on TV's *Bride and Groom.*

havior, Streltsov threatened to quit the Torpedo club and join up with the rival Dynamo team.

His status as a personality notwithstanding, Streltsov was given 12 years hard labor.

Streltsov's story is by no means unique. Only a few months ago *Komsomolskaya Pravda* wrote about a gymnast, Dmitri Leonkin, who was a medalist at the Helsinki Games. Leonkin had started his athletic career, the newspaper said, as a modest, hard-working boy, but success had soon gone to his head. He insisted on the exclusive use of a gymnasium when he trained. He demanded that the government provide transportation for his family when he traveled to tournaments. When he won, he complained that the painted scrolls he was awarded had no cash value and added sourly that he was not a collector of pretty pictures.

THE SPORTING LIFE

To appease Leonkin, the sports authorities gave him an apartment in the heart of Moscow and enrolled him in the Senior Trainers' Institute, where he trained in the mornings and loafed the rest of the day. When asked to coach a team of youngsters, he refused, saying it bored him. Apparently loafing also bored him, for in the words of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* he, like Streltsov, took to "drinking and debauchery," and in the end he wound up in court charged with rolling a fellow drunk.

Recently the newspaper *Trud* told the story of George Usatov, the manager of a coal-mining trust, an avid soccer fan, who decided to organize a soccer club of his own. He thereupon sent out letters, telegrams and even scouts to recruit players. "I'll pay $150 to $200 and even more," he promised. Applicants flocked in from all over Russia, and he soon had a first-rate team. The players were put on the trust's payroll as miners and were given premiums for underground work though "they never went near a shaft." In fact, the newspaper said, they only went to the mine twice a month to collect their salaries.

But like all such tales which reach public print in Russia this one ends sadly. When Usatov's superiors in Moscow discovered that he had spent half a million rubles (about $50,000) on his club, he was demoted and

continued

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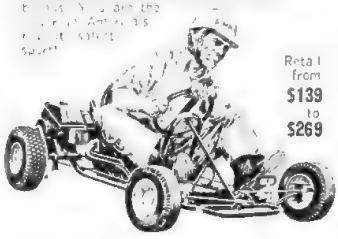

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reprimanded. The team was kept on, but at reduced salaries.

Not every tennis player or track star in America is paid, and not every soccer player in Russia gets a salary and free quarters. In fact, the great majority of Soviet athletes are no more professional than sandlot baseball players in America. Even some of the top athletes who compete in the Olympics are not professionals. For example, Arkady Vorobiev, a weight lifter, was a medical student when he won a world championship in 1955, and today he is a practicing physician. Occasionally a Soviet athlete is even deprived of his amateur status. In 1955 I was told of another weight lifter who was declared a professional when it was discovered that he was performing in a circus under the assumed name of Yan Tsigan for personal profit—which is against the rules of both Avery Brundage and Karl Marx.

NO ROOM AT THE TOP

Pointing to the millions of sportsmen on both sides of the Iron Curtain who receive no rewards for playing, Brundage and his supporters say that because a tiny percentage violates the rules is no reason to change them. "Because thieves exist is no reason for legalizing burglary," is the way one of his supporters put it.

But the sad fact is that those who cheat are the top champions. "It is true that only a small percentage of British runners violate the rules," Chris Chataway argues *(see box on page 83)*. "But they are the top percentage. The rest don't take money to appear at a track meet because they are not offered any." And a former Olympic winner of France added: "Not 20% of the Olympic track champions are genuine amateurs."

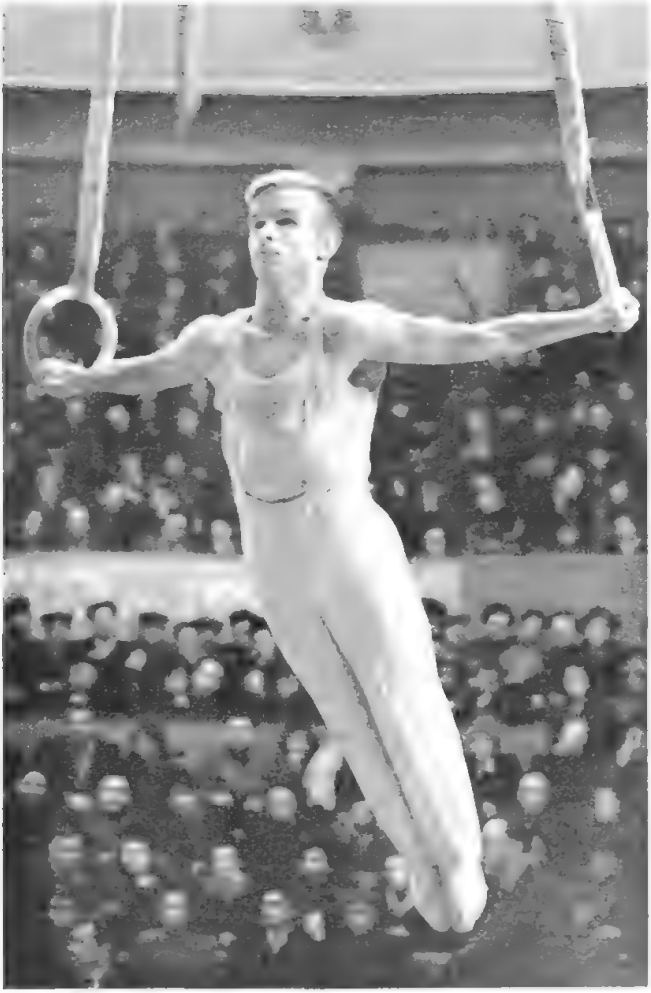
Andre Chassaignon, a French sports editor, went even further: "Practically all international sportsmen in the championship category violate the Olympic rules." In 1959 Mr. Brundage sued Chassaignon for libel for writing that the Olympic oath and declaration, to which every participant must subscribe, are lies. Mr. Brundage won the suit, but Chassaignon maintains that he could have proved his point had he not refused to betray the confidences of his athlete friends.

Aside from the over-all question of accepting money for playing or winning, critics oppose specific Olympic rules which they claim make cheats out of athletes.

One of the most controversial of all the rules concerns "broken time payments," by which a promoter reimburses a player for salary lost while participating in a sports event. Brundage adamantly opposes broken time. "If we could solve the broken-time issue," one of Brundage's colleagues recently admitted, "it would put a large hole in the problem." Brundage defends his position by citing the experience of the Hungarian soccer federation. It decided to permit broken-time payments for international competitions, whereupon players immediately demanded broken-time payments for national competitions, then for local tournaments, then for training and, finally, for time spent getting a rubdown. In the end, the Hungarian federation found the whole situation so complicated that it simply authorized a monthly lump sum for players.

Opinions vary about how Brundage's stand should be modified. Some advocate that broken time should be paid not by employers but by Olympic committees. Others, with an eye to the Olympic committees' finances, object that if payments are made because one employer refuses to give an athlete paid leave, then payments will soon have to be made for other employers who now stand the loss themselves. Some say athletes should be given a fixed fee for broken time. Others suggest it should be equal to the player's regular pay. Some say there should be no limitations on broken time at all. Many think the entire issue is outdated, maintaining that the 40-hour week now prevalent allows plenty of time for practicing in the evenings and tournament playing on the weekend.

Other targets of serious critics are the regulations regarding writing for publication, broadcasting, appearing on television or in the movies, as well as teaching or coaching. The rules provide that a professional writer may write on sports but a nonprofessional may not. While in general amateurs may not teach sports, the American Olympic Committee allows unobtrusive coaching of beginners, provided the athlete-coach does not "exploit his fame."



RUSSIAN DMITRI LEONKIN, Olympic gymnast, scorned "painted scroll" prizes, collected Moscow apartment and a cushy sports job from his grateful government.

Finally, the critics point to the ridiculous anomalies created by the conflicting rules of different international federations. An amateur track man, for example, loses his standing if he competes with a professional—the old absurdity of contamination by association. An amateur hockey player, however, may even play on a professional team for five games without endangering his status. A tennis player may accept $20-a-day expenses (exclusive of travel), but a golfer may not. However, the golfer may compete with a professional, but a tennis player may not.

Another target of the critics is the Olympic limitation on training camps which is openly flouted around the globe. A recent article published by the U.S. Army on its participation in preparation for the current Games says that Army candidates "undergo concentrated training for about 60 days," and the U.S. modern pentathlon team candidates have been training in Texas for the Games for two months. The rules, which specify a maximum of two weeks, are

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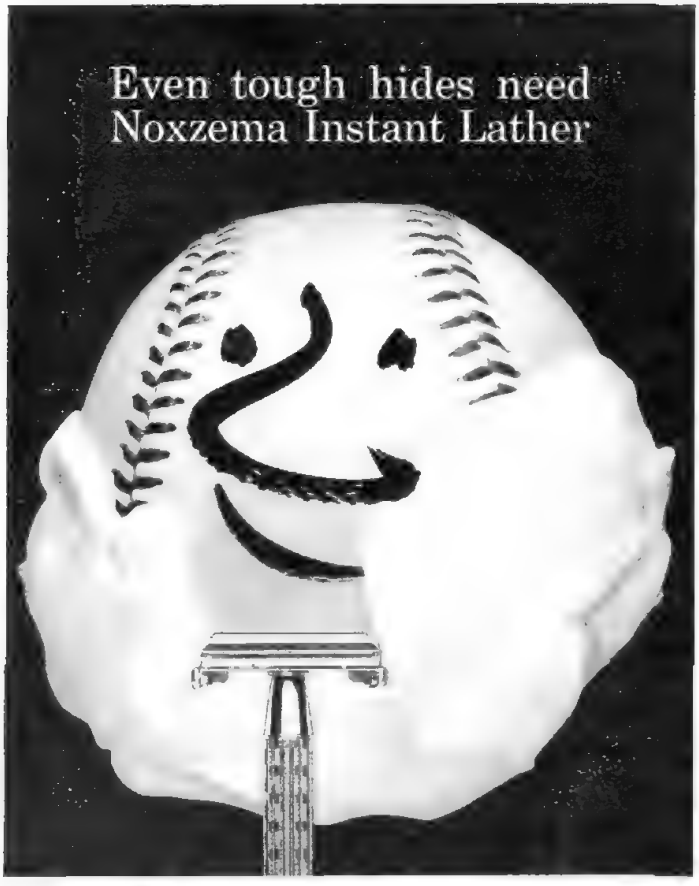

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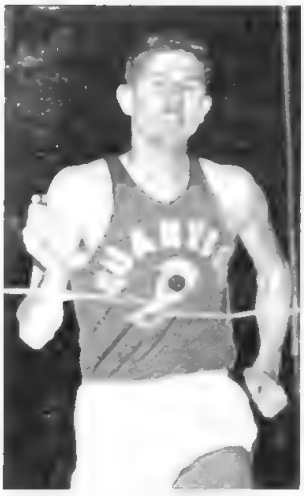

AMERICA'S WES SANTEE lost amateur status in expense-account hassle.

AMATEURISM *continued*

not enforceable, and there is justified criticism that they are making cheats and liars of many athletes who take the Olympic oath.

The able French sportswriter, Gaston Meyer, chief editor of *L'Equipe*, has summed up his objection: "Do not forbid what you can't prevent."

•

What solutions do Brundage's critics have to offer? A few, including such eminent ex-athletes as Field Marshals Alexander and Montgomery and Chris Chataway, now a Member of Parliament, propose to abolish all distinctions between amateurs and professionals, which they consider anachronisms in the modern world. After all, they contend, there was no distinction up to a hundred years ago, and, as Paul Gallico once wrote, "Amateurs—there ain't none."

Most athletes and sports officials oppose so radical a solution. It would, they maintain, either discourage youth altogether from taking up sports or encourage those with talent to devote their entire lives to sports until they end up at 30 or 35 as jobless has-beens. Unless they simultaneously practice a trade or profession, champion athletes, according to these men, tend to become like the champions of the original Olympics whom Euripides described as "slaves of their bellies" or, as Philostratus put it,

"sorry slobs and spineless people."

At the other extreme, some reformers would be satisfied if the IOC dropped team sports and winter sports from their programs. These two categories provide most of the blatant abuses of the present system. The IOC could avoid some of its worst problems by simply abolishing these sports. Such a proposal may be discussed at the summer meeting, and it is believed that Brundage and many of his colleagues favor the step.

However, critics point out that this solution is simply dodging the main issue and not solving the problem of defining amateurs in all other sports on the Olympic program.

Jean Borotra, France's indestructible champion, recently proposed a far more basic solution for the non-Olympic sport of tennis. There are those who believe that Borotra's idea can be adapted to other sports as well. He suggests a third category of "authorized players," falling between professional and amateur, who would be authorized to receive money in competitions. Each national federation would place a limited number of topflight players in the new category.

While this solution would remove the hypocrisy and cheating from the present solution, it is opposed by many on the grounds that it only makes the problem more complicated. It might, for example, simply increase the number of tennis bums. Others, notably in the United States, oppose it on the practical grounds that it will adversely affect the tax-exempt status of such athletic bodies as the Lawn Tennis Association. Finally, critics point out that the scheme would be most difficult to apply to sports where the number of participants is so large that it would mean "authorizing" hundreds of athletes.

Perhaps the most far-reaching solution has been proposed by a member of the IOC itself, Albert Mayer, the Swiss representative, who is also the mayor of the little town of Montreux on Lake Geneva. Sitting in the jewelry shop which he also runs, the ex-bobsled racer outlined his scheme to me. Mayer candidly acknowledges that the Soviets are overlooking the Olympic rules while the West is clandestinely violating them. From a folder on his desk he brought out clippings reporting gifts presented to Squaw Valley Olympic winners by their grateful townsmen. One gift was a gold chain. Another was a stock of photographic equipment for a winner's mother's camera shop. The third was a sum of money and a promise by the community to permit a winner to acquire a plot of land for a filling station. All of these, Mayer points out, are flagrant violations of the Olympic rules. "But who," he asks, "is going to do anything about it?"

Mayer further supports the need for a change by listing a dozen blatant cases of professionalism in the Olympic Games going as far back as 1896. Nor is Mayer disturbed by those who evoke the memory of Baron de Coubertin in support of simon-pure amateurs: he is ready with a quotation from the founder's memoirs. Though De Coubertin confessed that sport had been a religion for him, he also maintained that it was as infantile to declare a sportsman a professional for having accepted money as it would be to declare a sexton an infidel for receiving a salary to take care of a church.

Mayer's proposal is simplicity itself: since it is impossible to define an amateur, he says, define a professional and declare all others amateurs. His irreducible definition of a professional is one who "earns a living essentially by practicing sports." This he would substitute for Olympic Rule 26 and all its ramifications.

Though Mayer admits that the solution is a radical departure from the traditional code of amateurism, he points out that the world has changed greatly since the modern Olympics were founded. His solution, Mayer argues, would dispose of the

continued

Let's End This Hypocrisy Now

In an eloquent plea Britain's Chris Chataway, a pioneer four-minute-miler and today a Member of Parliament, demands an honest and reasonable Olympic code

The most glaring example of an indistinct and impossible regulation affecting the whole spirit of the Olympic Games is the ruling on amateurism. The pretense that only amateurs may compete, or do compete, is a constant irritant.

The truth is that sport at the Olympic level today takes up too much time for any of the leading performers to be amateurs. All but a few must make money out of their sport, directly or indirectly, even if only in order to carry on with it. The winners of the track and field events in Rome this year will, almost every one of them, have trained at least two hours a day for at least two years. None of these, unless he has private means, can have done that and traveled over the world to get the necessary competition, and at the same time have remained in any meaningful sense of the word an amateur.

Olympic athletes may have been gentlemen amateurs in the period before World War I; today they clearly are not. It may have been reasonable, then, to keep the professionals out; to pretend to do so today is hypocrisy.

The explanation is that the administrators of the Games have more nostalgic memories of amateur sport as it used to be than knowledge of how things have changed. The sooner the Olympics are admitted to be open to both amateurs and professionals alike, the better.

It is not that many would take part who at present cannot, because even now virtually no professionals are successfully excluded. But to drop the pretense would do away with a lot of the subterfuge and a constant source of bickering between the competing nations.

From The Road to Rome, *published by William Kimber and Co. Limited.*

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SHULTON

IOC'S PRESIDENT BRUNDAGE clings stubbornly to traditional amateur code.

double standard between East and West, since it would recognize Soviet state amateurs as nonprofessionals. It would eliminate the dishonesty and hypocrisy now so prevalent in Western countries. It would do away with the necessity for hairsplitting decisions by the IOC. But the most important aspect of the proposal is that, although it would mean the end of our traditional code of amateurism, there is no reason to believe that it would do anything but further the amateur ideals of sportsmanship, fair play and excellence for its own sake.

Mayer's proposal is no cure-all. How, for example, is one to determine just what is a given athlete's essential source of income? However, it has the merit of simplicity; it finds common ground between Soviet and Western practices—the Soviets have already endorsed it as "very progressive"—and to a considerable degree removes the worst evil of amateur athletics today: the hypocrisy which seems unavoidable under the present system.

The proposal will not, in all probability, be argued at the present session of the IOC but will be referred to a study group for examination which should report to the next meeting of the full International Committee, probably in Athens in the spring of 1961.

Unless the IOC can find a better solution to these problems before the next Olympics, it would do well to examine seriously the advice of the mayor of Montreux. **END**

YESTERDAY

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by M. R. WERNER

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Things were difficult enough for the baron and his associates in Athens *in 1896 when the first modern Olym-*piad was held—with most of the track and field prizes swept by the U.S.—but that one was orderly and sedate compared with the second in

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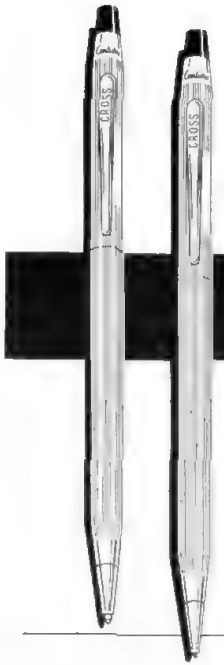

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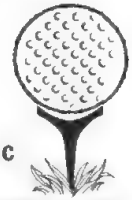
1900 when the Olympics were part of the famous Paris Exposition. The facilities on the grounds of the Racing Club de France were primitive, the crowds meager and unenthusiastic, and the Games, a sideshow for the Exposition, were peculiar. The U.S. took 17 of the 22 traditional track and field events. The French excelled in shooting clay pigeons and running deer, and in archery.

But it was at St. Louis from May through November 1904 that almost anything was called an Olympic contest, and the antics then presented almost finished the baron's struggling dream. The city of St. Louis was preparing to put on a huge world's fair to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase. Chicago had invited the International Olympic Committee to hold the III Olympiad there, but St. Louis used every kind of pressure to get the Games and finally threatened to hold competing athletic contests if the Olympics went to Chicago. President Theodore Roosevelt used his influence, and Chicago, fearing financial disaster as a result of competition, withdrew. The Games were transferred to St. Louis.

The Exposition was a great success and has survived harmoniously in the song, *Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis, Meet Me at the Fair*. The Olympics were something else—if they had a song, it would be the sort of thing John Cage might play on a prepared piano. Most Europeans found St. Louis too far from home and too expensive to get to in those days when you could not fly now and pay later. Germany sent a 10-man team, mostly swimmers. Hungary also sent some swimmers. Greece sent two athletes and picked up some others among Greeks living in the U.S. A few Irishmen arrived, but both Great Britain and France boycotted the Games that year, as did the Scandinavians and many other nations.

St. Louis had built a large stadium for athletic games preliminary to the Olympics and for the recognized Olympic contests themselves. Nearly 9,000 athletes contested for preeminence in this stadium, and before it was all over the following November some mighty bizarre contests had taken place. The track and field program alone consisted of 26 events,



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the largest number held at any Olympics. They began Monday, August 29, and ended Saturday, September 3. Before the officially recognized events took place YMCA games, Irish games and elementary school games were put on—in all 390 individual events.

In addition there was presented a series of lectures by physical education authorities and medical men on such subjects as "Anthropometric Methods," "The Equipment and Construction of Gymnasium and Athletic Fields," and "Health as Related to Civilization." It was a distinguished group of lecturers, and the Exposition published the entire series as part of the festivities.

However, all of this, and even the Olympic events, were anticlimactic after two so-called Anthropology Days on August 12 and 13. Pygmies and Kaffirs from Africa, Moros and Igorots from the Philippines, Ainus from Japan, Patagonians, Cocopa Mexican Indians and American Sioux braves, among others, were assembled in villages on the fairgrounds and then pitted against each other in contests that proved only one thing—they were there.

Native Talent

The Pygmies attracted the most attention. Nine of them arrived in St. Louis, via the jungles of the Congo State, the Canary Islands and New Orleans, on Friday morning, July 1, accompanied by three monkeys and eight parrots. At first John Kandola, their native missionary interpreter, insisted that they must have their customary native diet: monkey, elephant, hippopotamus, gazelle and human meat. However, in St. Louis they had to be content with beef and chicken. They took quickly to tobacco and money. The smallest of the lot, nicknamed "Autobank," was 4 feet tall, 27 years old and a cannibal with highly sharpened teeth. He was married and had two children, but he had left his family in the Congo. Every time anybody wanted to take his photograph he demanded and got 5¢, which he promptly put in a smart-looking civilized purse he had bought soon after his arrival.

The first athletic event for the aborigines was a 100-yard dash in six heats. The winner was a Sioux Indian named George Mentz, whose time was 11 and 4/5 seconds. According to

continued

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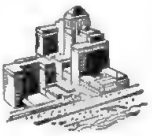

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Spalding's Official Athletic Almanac for 1905, this was "time that almost any winner of a schoolboy event could eclipse at will." Lamba, an African Pygmy, took 14 3 5 to do the 100 yards. In the shotput it was expected that the Patagonians, because of their size and feats of strength, would excel. But their best performance was 30 feet 5 inches with a 16-pound shot. This was 18 feet 2 inches behind the American record of the time. One American, Ray Ewry, jumped farther in the standing jump than the Pygmies or Ainus did in the running broad jump.

On the second day the aborigines did better in their own kind of contest: *pole climbing. An Igorot from* the Philippines climbed a pole about 50 feet high in 20 2 5 seconds. The *American record for rope climbing*, considered to be the nearest thing to pole climbing, was 15 4 5 seconds for 35 feet 8 inches of rope. The aborigines turned out to be a disappointment in spear throwing. Only three of them out of a couple of dozen could hit a post 25 feet away. They proved duds at archery also, and a target, four feet by six, 42 yards away, was pierced by only two of *the entrants, though some of them* had used bows and arrows for hunting and fighting most of their lives. The Pygmies, however, shone in one of their favorite games—the mud fight. It resembled a snowball fight among schoolboys, and they showed great dexterity in ducking the mud.

In the recognized Olympic contests, Americans won 23 of the 24 track and field events, but they had little competition. All in all they gained 48 gold medals.

Spalding's Official Athletic Almanac for 1905 began its article on the St. Louis Olympiad with these words: "The Olympic Games of 1904, held in the stadium of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, were without question the greatest athletic games ever held in the world."

Baron Pierre de Coubertin wrote of them: "In no place but America would one have dared place such events on a program—but to Americans everything is permissible, their youthful exuberance calling certainly for the indulgence of the ancient Greek ancestors, if, by chance, they found themselves at that time among the amused spectators." END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING [illegible]

FISHING MARRY HARPER [illegible]

GOLF ARNOLD PALMER [illegible] and Masters champion [illegible] PGA [illegible] TOMMY VARDON [illegible]

HORSE RACING [illegible] HAIL TO REASON [illegible] LOBBY [illegible]

MOTOR SPORTS [illegible] STIRLING MOSS, [illegible]

Pros [illegible]

SHOOTING [illegible] BRANKINSHIP [illegible]

SWIMMING [illegible]

TENNIS ROD LAVER [illegible]

TRACK & FIELD [illegible]

WRESTLING [illegible]

MILEPOST [illegible]

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

OFF THE BENCH bounded Yankees' John Blanchard and Phillies' Johnny Callison. Each delivered a game-winning home run.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **New York Yankees** steamed ahead under new power: the relief pitching of Duke Maas and Luis Arroyo, the clutch hitting of John Blanchard and Bob Cerv. Arroyo, up from Jersey City, saved two wins with his effective screwball; Catcher Blanchard, starting for the first time this season, belabored the Tigers on successive days. The **Chicago White Sox** lost five straight games and fell to second. Part of the trouble was the sudden slump of Roy Sievers. Boosted to third in the order, Sievers failed to move the hot-handed lead-off men around the bases. The Sox' pitching, however, looked brighter: Herb Score performed well against the Orioles and Senators, showed ability to keep his curve out of the dirt in tight situations. The **Baltimore Orioles** won two games on the hitting of testy old Gene Woodling. Drifting in the .260s, Woodling perked up to beat the White Sox once with a pinch single and again with an 11th-inning triple. When the **Cleveland Indians** threatened to sag into the second division and the **Detroit Tigers** lost nine one-run decisions in two weeks, top management rebelled. Off to Detroit went Joe Gordon, over to Cleveland went Jimmie Dykes for the first managerial trade in history. Manager Gordon maintained an embarrassed silence, but Manager Dykes was his candid self. Said Jimmie: "We were both fired and fielded on the first bounce." Lost in the shuffle was the arrival in Cleveland of Don Newcombe. Newk, waived from Cincinnati, proclaimed: "I don't know the hitters in this league, but they sure don't know me either." Next day he was introduced to the **Washington Senators**, who bombed him. The Senators did well against the Indians and the White Sox to stay within sniffing distance of fourth place. Camilo Pascual beat Cleveland for the first time in more than three years, announced that his injured arm is again sound. Bob Allison, the club's best hitter, went one for 28, saw his average slide below .270. "Allison is simply trying too hard," said Owner Cal Griffith. "I've never seen anyone so tense. If he'll relax he'll hit and we'll move up." The **Boston Red Sox** got good pitching from steady reliever Mike Fornieles and wild starter Earl Wilson, ran off four straight wins. Wilson, who walked 31 men in 24 innings last year, walked only six against the A's and coasted to a 9-1 victory. The **Kansas City Athletics** drew their largest crowds of the season, but they lost two to the Red Sox, three more to the Yanks.

Standings NY 59-41 Chi 60-45, Balt 60-46 Clev 51-49, Wash 49-53 Det 46-55 Bos 44 58, KC 39-61

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Maris NY (.301)	77	56	133
Mantle NY (.276)	87	38	125
Minoso Chi (.311)	62	58	120
Fox Chi (.277)	58	48	106
Sievers Chi (.314)	62	42	104
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Mays, SF (.345)	79	53	132
Aaron, Mil (.287)	72	52	124
Banks, Chi (.283)	66	58	124
Mathews Mil (.269)	72	45	117
White StL (.308)	65	50	115

*Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

NATIONAL LEAGUE

With the pack yapping at their heels, the **Pittsburgh Pirates** remained calm and awesomely effective. They held the Dodgers to four runs in three games, beat the Giants on an error one day, a last-ditch rally the next, went on to win four in a row. Wilmer Mizell and George Witt provided what may be the added muscle for a decisive pennant drive. The startling **St. Louis Cardinals** were suddenly in second place. Ray Sadecki, a good bet for Rookie of the Year, won his sixth game for Solly Hemus, a good bet for Manager of the Year, with eight strikeouts and two timely singles. Sadecki's hits reflected a recent Card innovation: added batting practice for the club's starting pitchers. When his **Milwaukee Braves** dropped to third, Manager Charlie Dressen grew churlish. "This is the highest-paid ball club in history," he growled, "but sometimes these guys play like high school kids." Feeble hitting cost the **Los Angeles Dodgers** *see page 69* three games and Stan Williams his glossy record. Williams lost twice, Don Drysdale once, as the team scrambled to regain its winning momentum. The **San Francisco Giants'** long-term goal became not first place but the first division. Even that seemed unattainable. The team blew two late leads to the Phils, topped it off by fluffing a 10th-inning 7-5 lead over the Pirates. Never daunted, Manager Sheehan chatted amiably about winning the pennant. The **Cincinnati Reds'** Billy Martin was fined $500, suspended for five days for punching **Chicago Cubs'** Pitcher Jim Brewer. Brushed back by Brewer, Martin charged the mound and delivered a right that fractured Brewer's cheekbone. Cincy players took up a collection to pay Martin's fine, and Billy himself was righteously indignant. Said he, with far more gall than logic, "I think I've been dealt with very unfairly." Cub Owner Phil Wrigley implied that Judge Landis would have thrown Martin out of baseball. The youthful **Philadelphia Phillies** displayed a showman's flair for the dramatic. Ninth-inning hits by Ken Walters and John Callison won two games, and the team squandered large leads in two others. The one steadying influence was elder statesman Robin Roberts, who survived 13 hits to beat the Dodgers 3-1.

Standings Pitt 63-40, Mil 56-44, StL 58-46, LA 55-45, SF 51-50, Cin 45-59, Phil 42-62, Chi 39-63

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE							
NY	Skowron	.315	Maris	.301	Kubek	.297
Chi	Smith	.322	Sievers	.314	Minoso	.311
Balt	Gentile	.300	Robinson	.296	Breeding	.265
Clev	Power	.307	Aspromonte	.302	Kuenn	.297
Wash	Bertoia	.287	Lemon	.283	Gardner	.281
Det	Cash	.277	Chrisley	.266	Colavito	.264
Bos	Williams	.313	Runnels	.310	Wertz	.294
KC	Siebern	.282	Herzog	.270	Lumpe	.269
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Pitt	Clemente	.311	Groat	.306	Burgess	.298
StL	White	.308	Cunningham	.290	Musial	.284
Mil	Adcock	.297	Covington	.293	Bruton	.290
LA	Larker	.347	Wills	.297	Moon	.292
SF	Mays	.345	Cepeda	.281	Davenport	.270
Cin	Pinson	.292	Kasko	.278	Post	.278
Phil	Herrera	.314	Taylor	.293	Walters	.280
Chi	Ashburn	.316	Banks	.283	Altman	.274

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE							
NY	Ford	2.78	Turley	3.22	Ditmar	3.24
Chi	Staley	1.88	Baumann	2.19	Pierce	3.46
Balt	Barber	3.02	Walker	3.51	Wilhelm	3.57
Clev	Perry	3.14	Stigman	3.56	Bell	4.07
Wash	Pascual	2.68	Ramos	3.47	Stobbs	3.68
Det	Bunning	2.85	Mossi	3.24	Lary	3.67
Bos	Fornieles	3.00	Monbouquette	3.16	Brewer	4.94
KC	Herbert	3.34	Johnson	4.33	Daley	4.36
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Pitt	Law	2.84	Friend	3.06	Face	3.38
StL	McDaniel	2.39	Broglio	3.05	Jackson	3.13
Mil	Buhl	3.31	Pizarro	3.56	Jay	3.90
LA	Roebuck	2.14	Williams	2.33	Podres	3.02
SF	O'Dell	2.41	McCormick	2.63	Jones	2.89
Cin	Brosnan	2.16	O'Toole	3.85	Purkey	3.87
Phil	Farrell	2.65	Green	3.52	Conley	3.89
Chi	Elston	3.03	Ellsworth	3.18	Morehead	3.82

Base statistics through Saturday, Aug. 6

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FLOYD'S PUBLIC

Sirs:

So Floyd Patterson just can't understand why the public was not behind him (SCORECARD, Aug. 1)? Let him turn to page 50 of the same issue and read that his manager is negotiating for a fight with one Henry Cooper of England. Who in the world is Henry Cooper? I admit that he is probably as worthy a foe as was Pete Rademacher, Roy Harris, Brian London, Hurricane Jackson, but come now, what about Liston, Machen or Folley? Could it be that Mr. D'Amato chooses a worthy contender by the improbability of the contender dethroning our Floyd?

Floyd, if you run out of contenders let me know, 'cause there's a popular tomboy down the street who is the bully of the neighborhood. Just think of the gate you'd draw.

W. LENOY

New York City

Sirs:

Floyd Patterson should not feel that his fellow Americans were not behind him when he regained his championship. I not only believed he could, but hoped very much that he would.

We felt that, win or lose, Patterson is a credit to his sport and his country. No one hears him bragging about his "left."

FRANCES TYSEN NUTT

New York City

Sirs:

In his excellent article (*Heavyweight in Waiting*, Aug. 1) Gilbert Rogin wondered what Sonny Liston would do if he had to give ground or, in other words, if he got hit himself. Having seen Sonny fight many times, I can answer that. Sonny has been hit by some of the best punchers in the game, like Nino Valdes, Cleveland Williams, Mike DeJohn, Billy Hunter and Zora Folley who himself had 29 kayos to his credit. Sonny shook them all off and dispatched them all with his own size 14 fists.

HARRY SANFORD

Los Angeles

FINALLY THIS SUMMER

Sirs:

For years my favorite beach sport (second to girl watching) has been the standing broad jump. Finally—this year—I measured one of my best jumps and found it to be 8 feet 2 inches. Now I want to know what's been done in this event.

ELVIN PLATTI

Tracy, Calif.

● Nothing extraordinary has happened since Aug. 29, 1904, when Ray Ewry of St. Louis jumped 11 feet 4⅞ inches in St. Louis.—ED.

SALAD DAYS

Sirs:

Please explain what a "salad of *rugola*" is, which Fred Smith mentions in *The Byways of Capri* (May 25).

A. J. MRUGALA

Cambridge, Mass.

FRED SMITH AND RUGOLA

● *Rugola*, says Fred Smith, shown above nibbling at his desk, is a watercress-shaped salad green that adds a piquant flavor to a tossed green salad. It can also be served alone with vinegar and oil dressing. Known as *arugola*, *rucola*, *ruccoli* or rocket salad, it can be found at some Italian greengrocers in Boston.—ED.

BLACK BUTYS

Sirs:

I was astonished to read William Leggett's article about this thing they call Butazolidin (*Mysterious Buty Treatment*, Aug. 1).

Going to the races has been a pleasant pastime for me for many years. The normal odds against picking a winner are high enough; but when you add another factor the problem gets hopeless.

KENNETH R. PYATT

San Antonio

Sirs:

I am about to compile my performance figures, but first must know whether the *Daily Racing Form* or *Morning Telegraph* has devised a system to designate Buty horses to the possibly unwary chart reader. A simple lower-case "b" might mean the horse was breezing, or even bewitched, bothered and bewildered—but then, a Buty horse is liable to be all four. I'm sure the brain trust at Triangle Publications could devise an elaborate symbol such as the word Butazolidin spelled vertically in the form of a hypodermic syringe.

HARRY D. SNYDER JR.

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

● *The Morning Telegraph* lists those horses which have received Butazolidin in its charts for the previous day's racing at Arlington Park, where the drug may be legally administered. The track itself, as William Leggett pointed out in his article, lists Buty horses for the day's racing on mimeograph sheets posted at the track.—ED.

THE REST IS SILENCE

Sirs:

Congratulations to Jack Olsen for *The Land of Silence* (July 25). Those of us who have experienced the therapy and spiritual uplift of wilderness living will consider this a classic bit of writing. It is Emerson and Thoreau at their best.

FRANK WOLYNEC

Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

Just reading about *The Land of Silence* was extremely restful.

MARK ROSEN

West Orange, N.J.

GIANT BANTAM

Sirs:

Your story of Jerry Barber (*A Barber with a Razor Edge*, July 25) is a long-overdue and richly deserved tribute to a fighting, working champion.

I had the pleasure of meeting Barber when he was in Tucson for our 1960 Open. In an interview here, he was asked his height. "Oh, about 6 feet 3!" "Weight?" "Oh, about 210 pounds." And finally, "*How much longer do you think you'll* be on the tour?" "About another 10 or 12 years."

MARY BLYTHE

Tucson, Ariz.

WHEW!

Sirs:

Those San Francisco Zoo officials could certainly do better than SOO-HOO GIVES GNU TO ZOO (PAT ON THE BACK, Aug. 1). How about NEW ZOO GNU DUE TO SOO-HOO? Whew!

MRS. JOHN FAY

Dorset, Vt.

OLD MASTER OF THE SEA

Sirs:

Your SPECTACLE "Sun on Sails and Sea" (July 25) was a masterful job. Henry Koehler's paintings captured every moment and emotion of this great regatta.

MIKE WOOTERS

Chicago

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PAT ON THE BACK

LIBBY BOWMAN

'Bubble gum can wait'

The correct young miss in riding dress is 10-year-old Libby Bowman of Knoxville, Tenn., and the friend trying to wheedle some sugar is Fast Company, her championship blue-roan road pony. Libby, who began her horse show career only 18 months ago, already has won 220 ribbons—more than 100 of them blue—along the South's horse show circuits. "She takes dancing lessons, chews bubble gum, does all the things a girl her age does," writes one expert. "But the moment she enters competition bubble gum can wait. She assumes the bearing and manner of a champion."

Libby's poise was put to a special test at the Dinner Key Horse Show in Miami last season. She was just getting over the mumps, but she came through on the final night to capture ribbons with Fast Company and with Easter Parade, her chestnut parade mare, and then went on to win circuit championships with both horses.

The 30-horse stable owned by Libby's father, who is president of an engineering firm, includes nine such champions, all of which won their titles under Libby's guidance. "I do love the horses," she grins. "I love them even more than the shows."

(continued from front flap of this insert)

goods and services. Our latest survey (1960) reveals such facts as:

—median household income, $10,835
—median life insurance carried by household, $27,462
—153 cars owned by every 100 households
—81% single-home ownership
—17.5 passports held by every 100 households (figure for the whole U.S. is about 2.5)
—87% of household heads in business or the professions—of the businessmen, 32% are top executives, 34% in middle management
—115 people in every 100 households flew on an airline in 1959. (If that were true for **all** U.S. households, 64,000,000 different persons would have flown in 1959—but only about 8,000,000 actually did.)

If you don't have a copy of the complete 124-page survey, just published, please write to me for it.

* * *

Well, aren't you glad you came to the party or—don't you wish you **had** come?

For there are lots of other nice things that some of our special guests have already taken away – such as the 100,000 coupons received by Equitable Life from their 17-page campaign—the 2,700 requests received by the Whisky Distillers of Ireland from a single page advertisement—the successes of Mallory Hats, Isodine, Rose's Lime Juice, Dictaphone Corporation, Hiram Walker, Joseph & Feiss, and countless others that we've recounted to you here and elsewhere. There could be one waiting for you!

* * *

And of course, we would be ungrateful if we didn't thank you for **your** gifts—not the least of which has been raising us to the rank of 9th among all U.S. magazines in advertising pages, and elevating our advertising income from less than $3,000,000 in 1955 to an estimated $14,800,000 in 1960.

Birthdays and anniversaries being special times of the year that encourage reflection and humility, all of us are

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

thankful to you from the bottom of our hearts for your interest and support and confidence.

And so, I would like to add "the one to grow on." Almost uniquely among the selective magazines edited for America's wealthiest and fastest-growing market—the active and alive young families of the suburbs—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's circulation has steadily risen, year after year. On hand for our christening were 450,000 subscribers and newsstand buyers; that number is doubled by our present rate base, 900,000; and with our first issue in January we go to 950,000.

In such a special growth situation as we find ourselves today—with certain segments of the U.S. growing in education, growing in income, growing in business and professional stature, growing in variety of interests and uses for leisure **far faster than the rest of the U.S.**—we feel we can point with pride to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's growth. It is edited for these people; it is read by these people; it is growing as these people grow in numbers and prosper.

And no better time than our birthday to remind you, in all these different ways, that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is **"the one to grow on."** We've got a place for you at the party next year—but why wait till then?

Pete Calloway

Advertising Director

P.S.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Circulation
August 16, 1954 – January 1, 1961
up 111%

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Advertising Revenue
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up 402% (estimate)

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Please be seated. Close your eyes and think of Japan. Think of its beauty, its serenity, its restfulness. Now open them and imagine below you a wrinkled Pacific... and about you, the interior of your new Japan Air Lines jet. Here is the calm beauty of Japan while you fly high, fast and fashionably at almost the speed of sound.

The elements of Japan are all around you on these new DC-8 Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines. Shoji screens and tatami-patterned carpets, chrysanthemum designs and pine-bough motifs, the taste and restraint of Japan. Your sleek new jet is a delight to relax in for the few pampered hours it now takes to fly to Japan.

Japan Air Lines' new DC-8 Jet Couriers carry you to Tokyo and Hong Kong swiftly, serenely, effortlessly. So, please be seated, and fly to the Orient amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.

JAL

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If you think flavor went out when filters came in, you've got another smoke coming. Make it Marlboro. This one delivers the goods on flavor.

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You get a lot to like with a Marlboro